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TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 15
Sept.

LNC 10

MAD



10c



... a MAD tea party.

PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

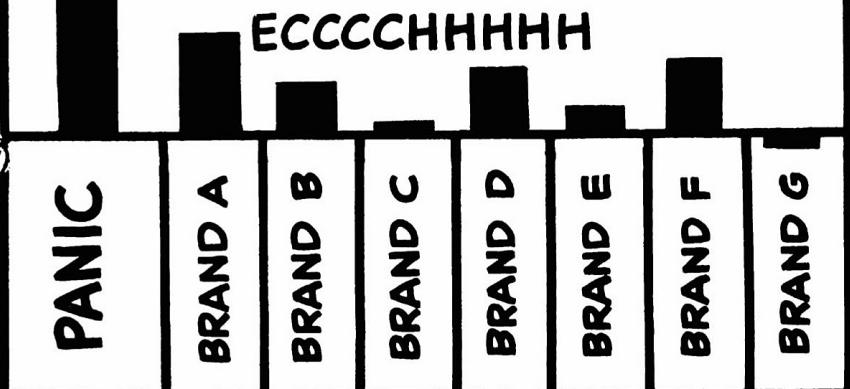


YES, EXTENSIVE TESTS BY
THE E.C. RESEARCH BUREAU
HAVE PROVEN CONCLUSIVELY
THAT **PANIC** LEADS EIGHT OTHER
BRANDS IN IMITATING **MAD**!
PANIC USES MORE OF **MAD'S**
ARTISTS, MORE OF **MAD'S** PRINTERS,
MORE OF **MAD'S** POTRZEBIE AND
FURSHLUGGINER THAN ANY
OTHER **MAD** IMITATION!

BEST IMITATION

FAIR IMITATION

POOR IMITATION



SO CLIP THIS COUPON AND SEND AWAY
FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO ...

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT THE REAL
McCoy, SUBSCRIBE TO ...

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR
BOTH MAGAZINES CHECKED
ABOVE FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE
\$1.00 PER TITLE (8 ISSUES)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

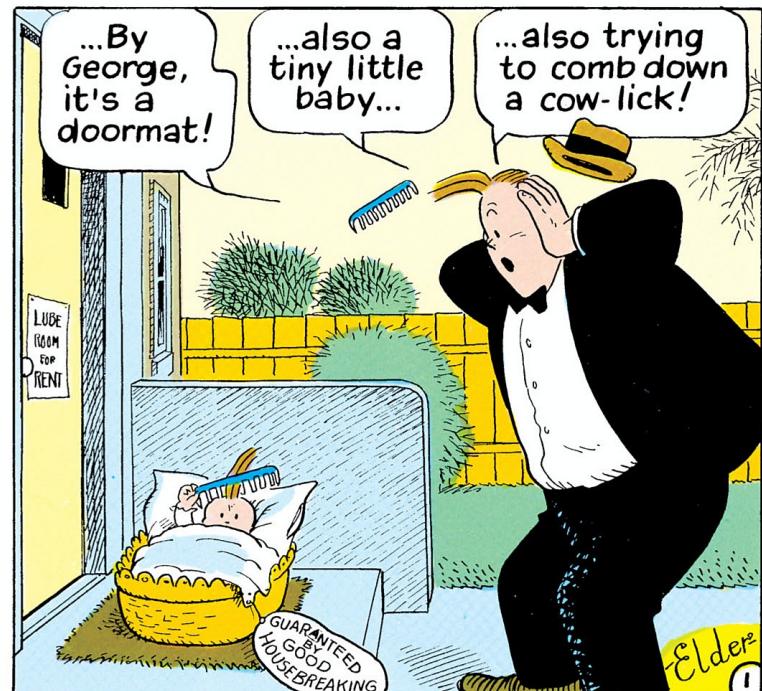
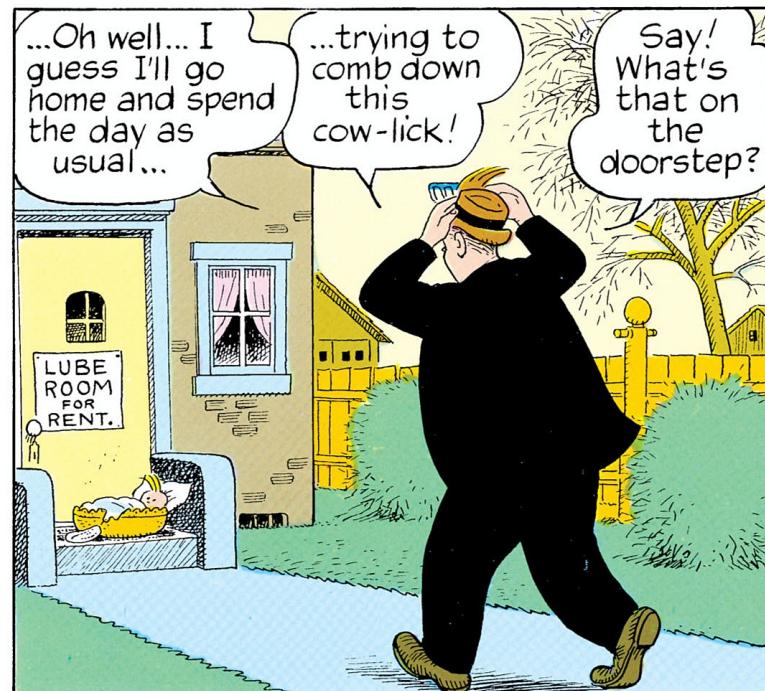
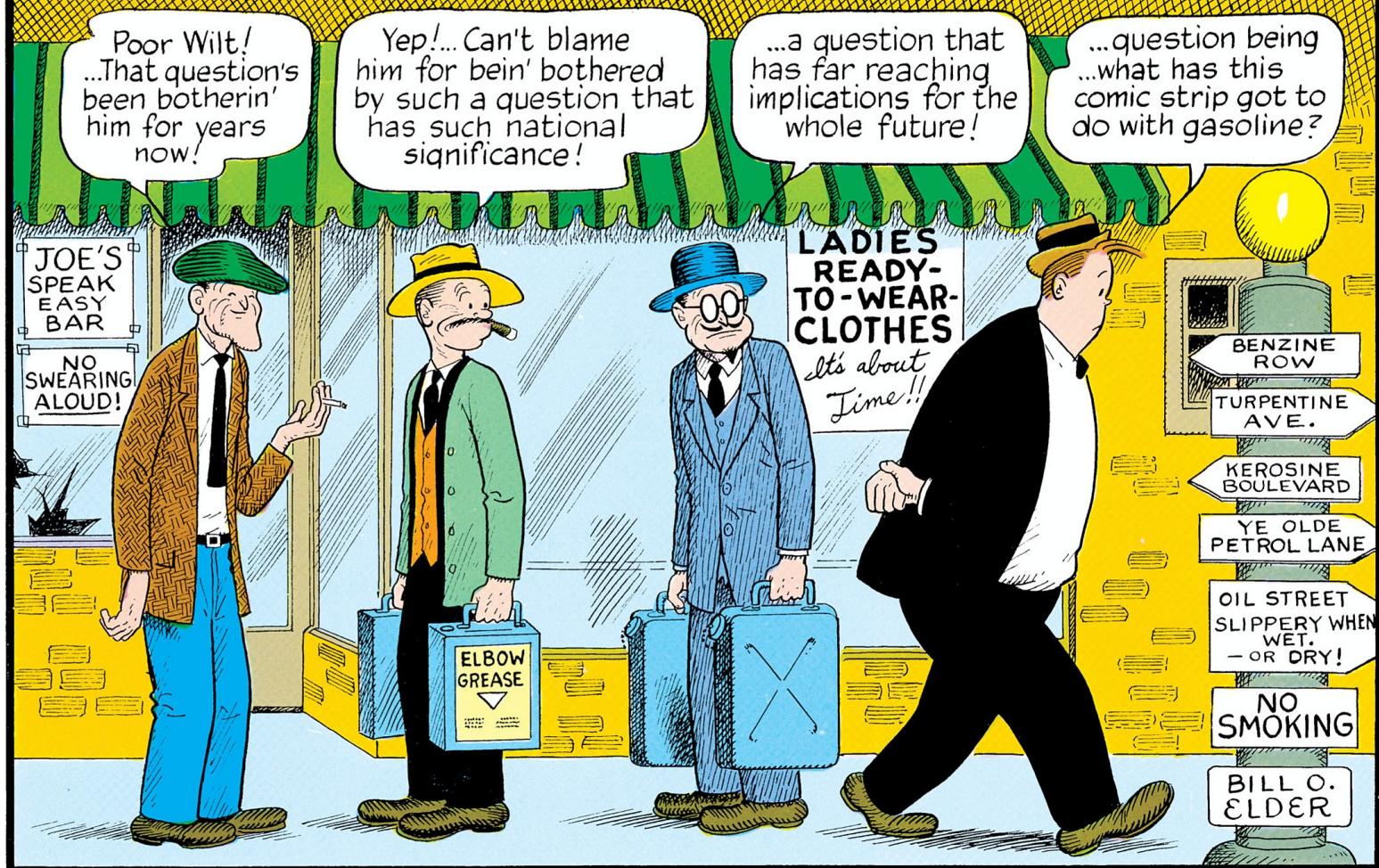
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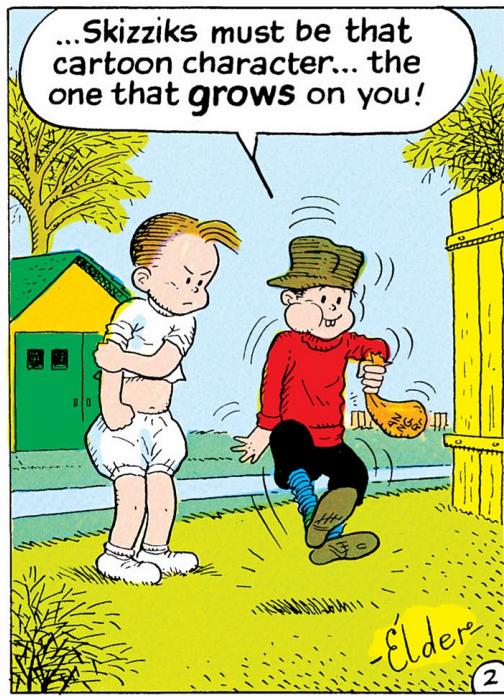
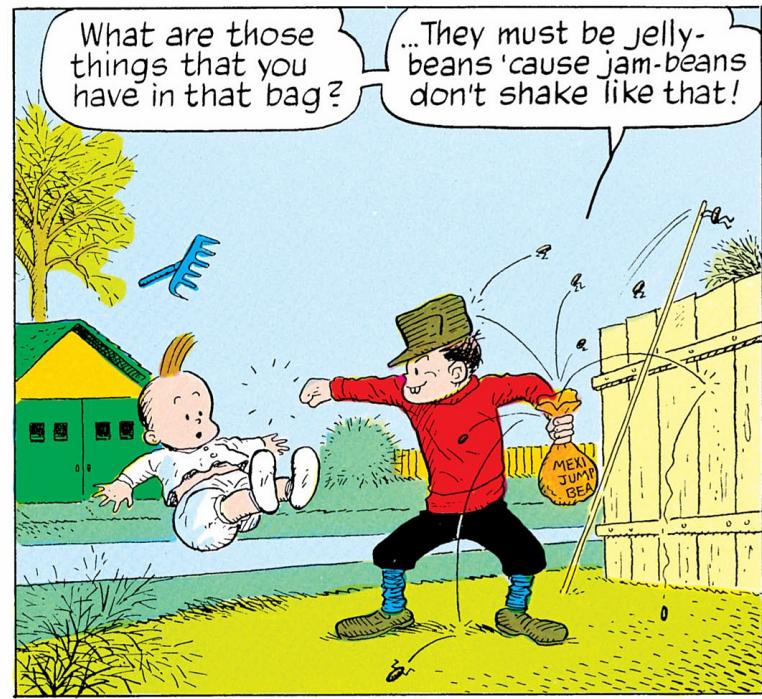
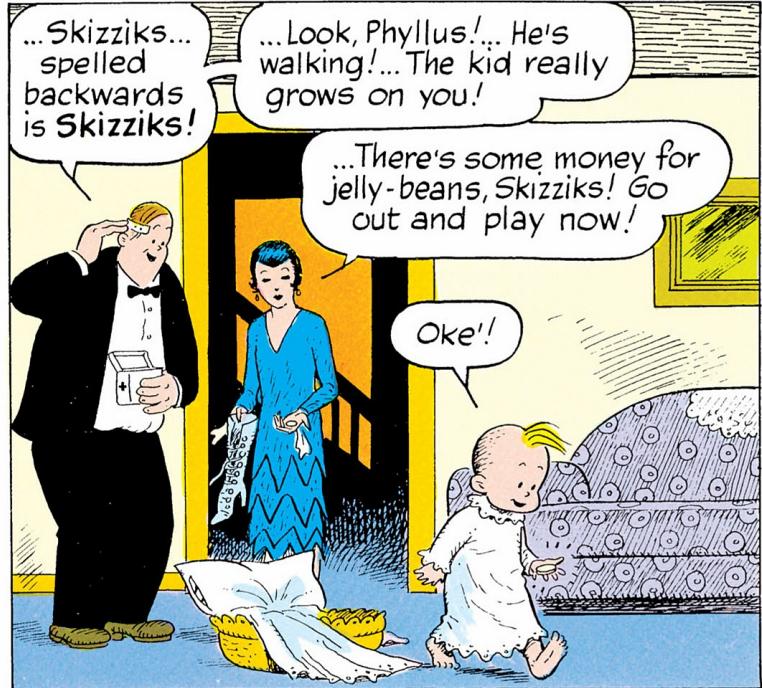
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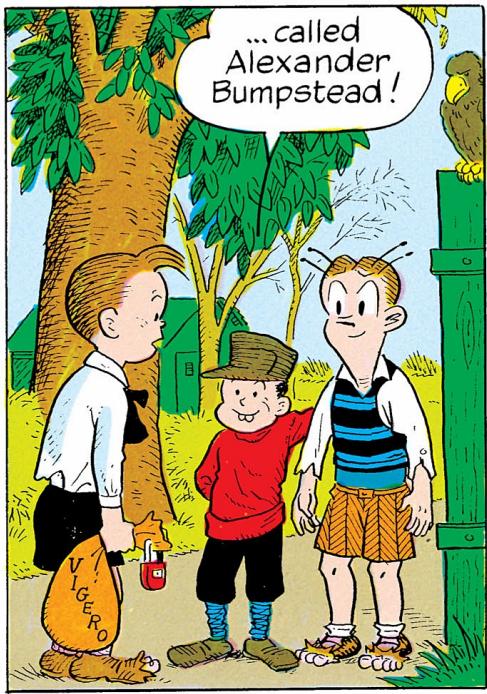
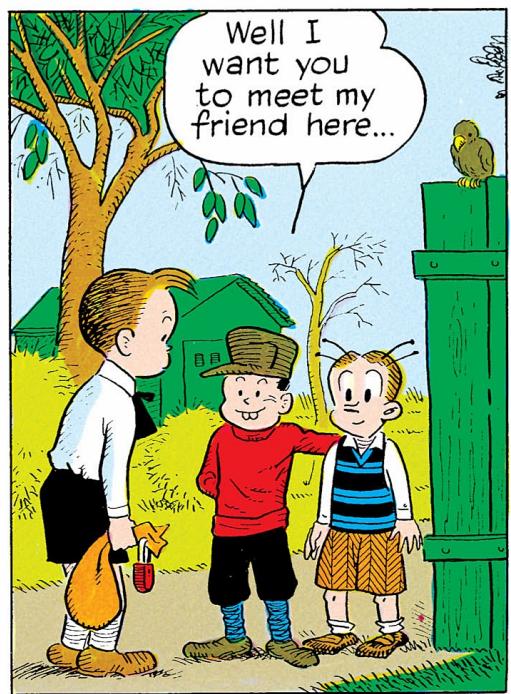
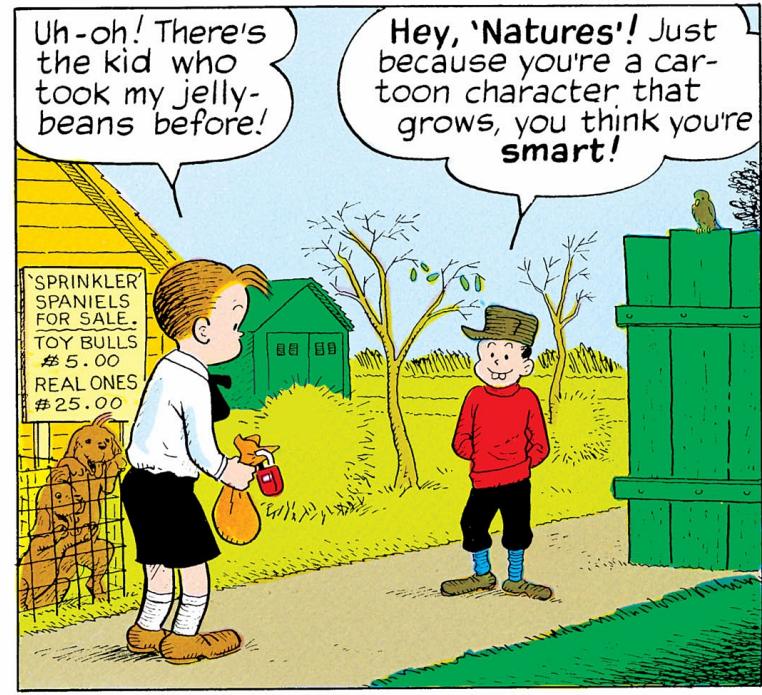
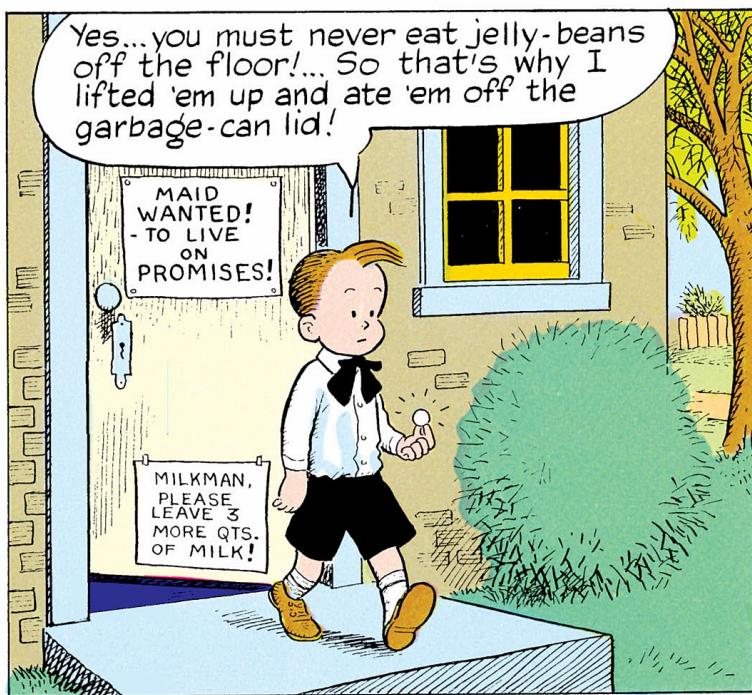
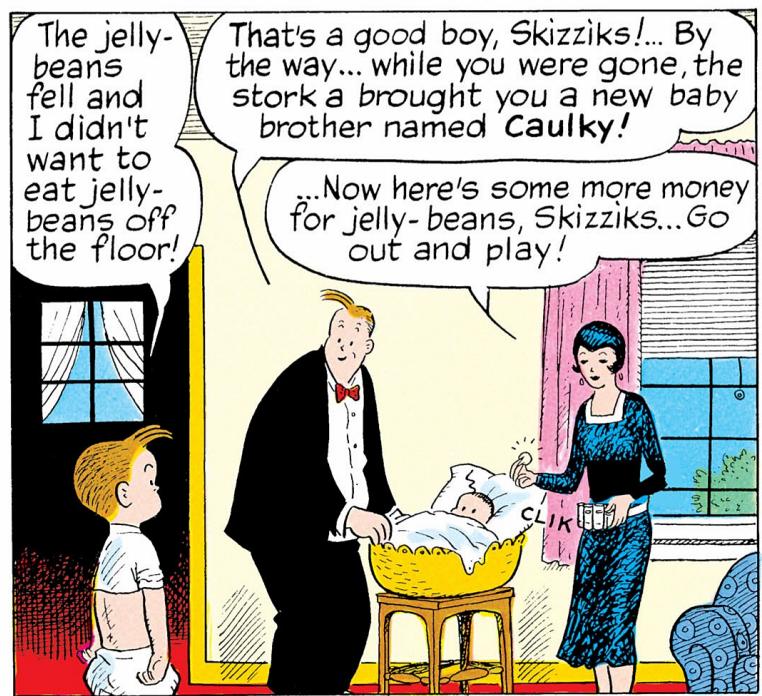
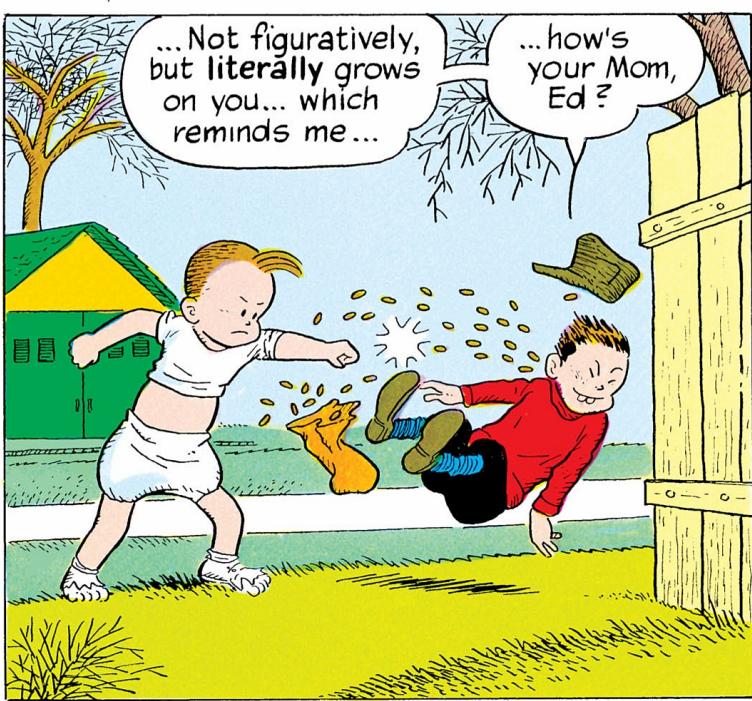
PANIC
MAD

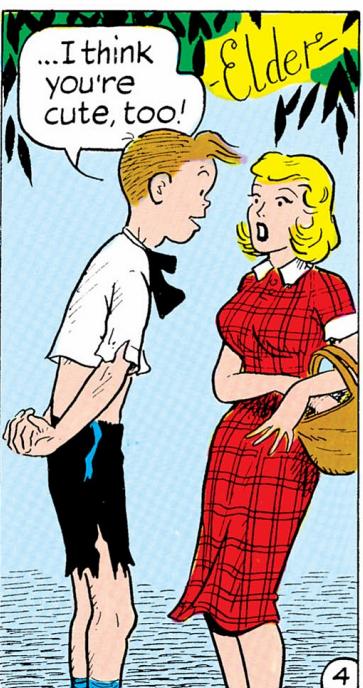
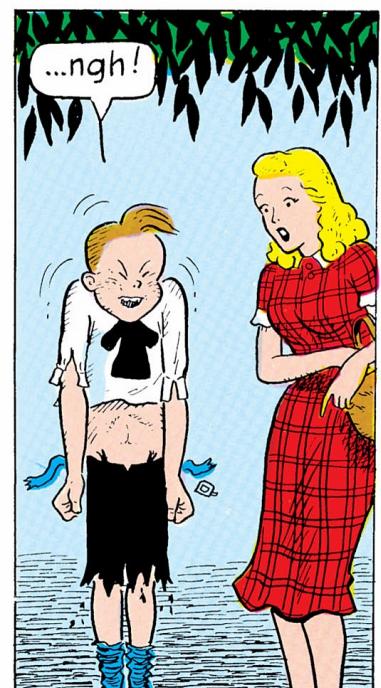
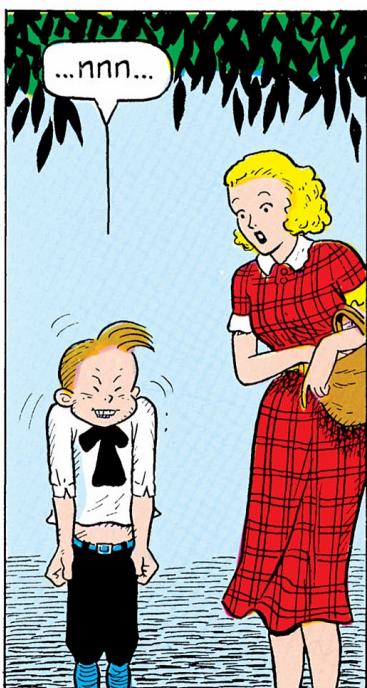
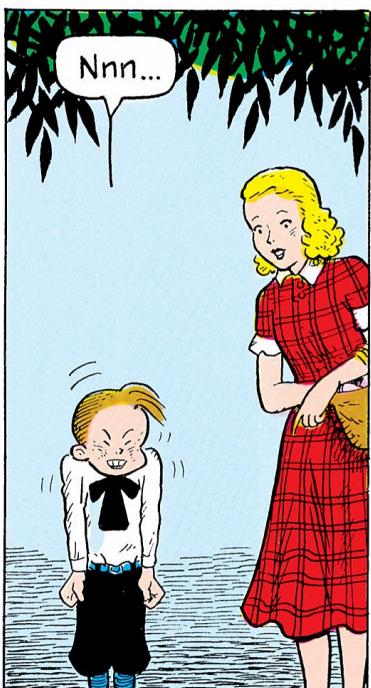
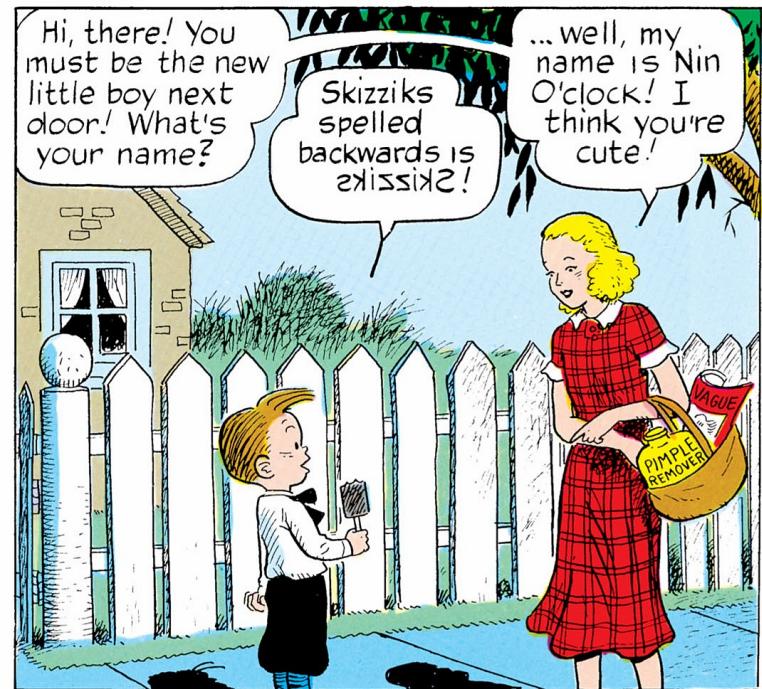
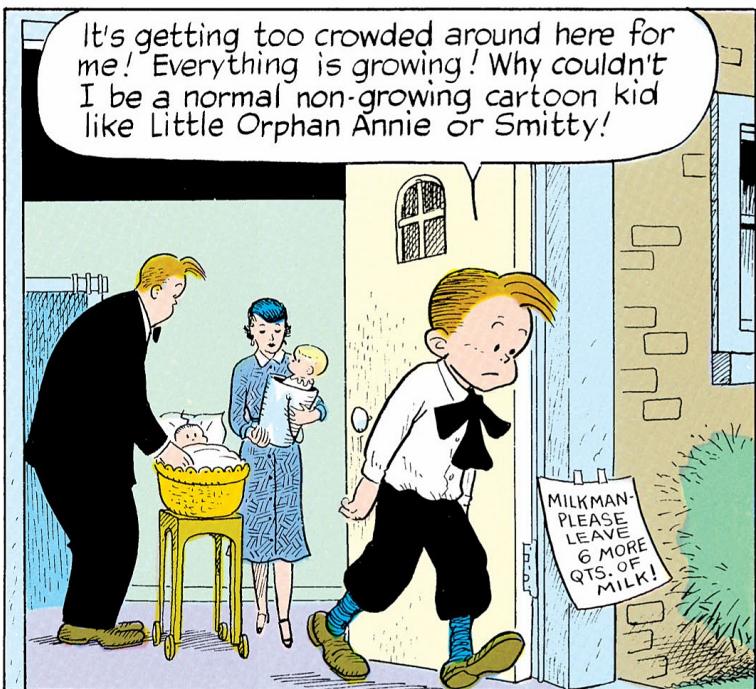
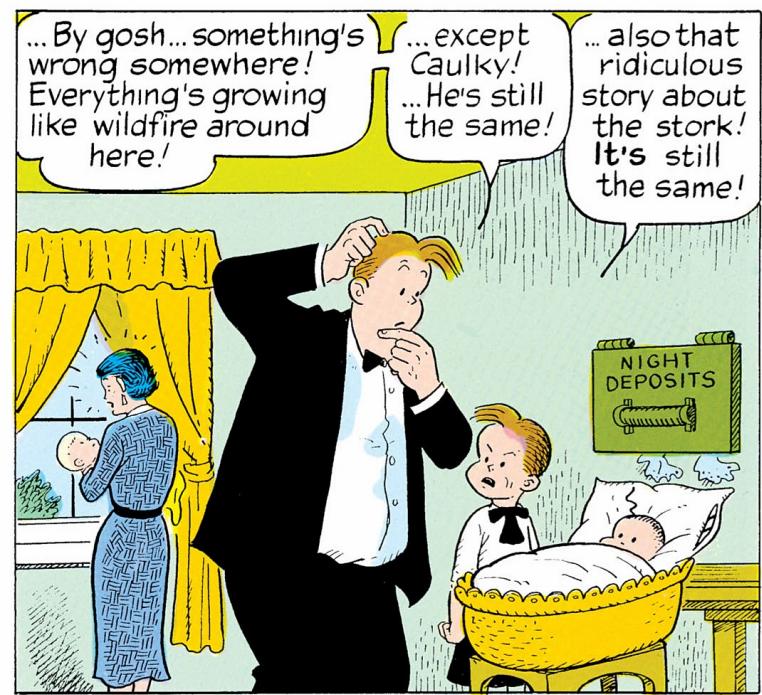
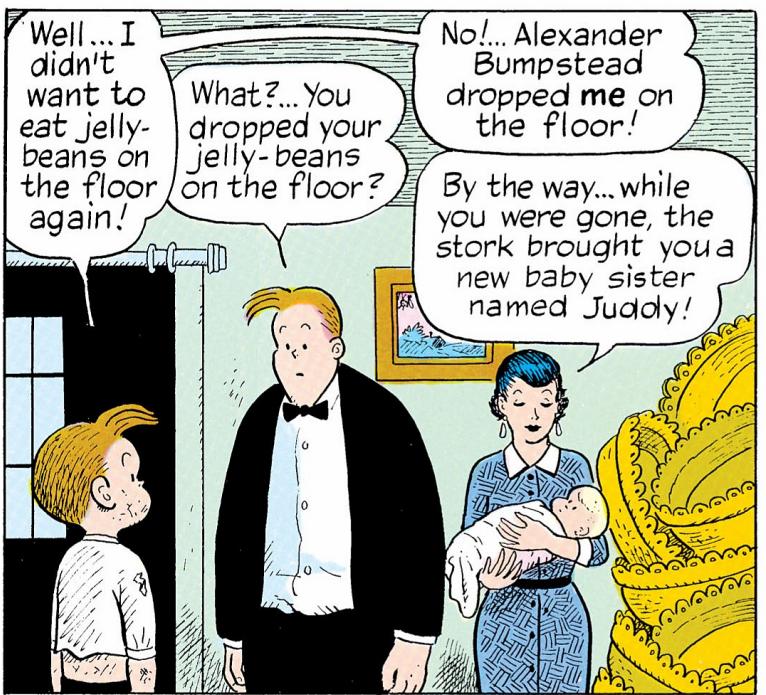
NEWSPAPER COMICS DEPT.: WELL...HELLO THERE! ARE YOU AN OLD-TIME *MAD* READER? WELL THEN, SNUGGLE DOWN ON YOUR BED OF NAILS AND PREPARE FOR THE USUAL SESSION!... ARE YOU A NEW *MAD* READER READING *MAD* FOR THE FIRST TIME?... **GO HOME, YOU FOOL, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!** AND NOW...FOR YOU WHO REMAIN...

GASOLINE VALLEY!









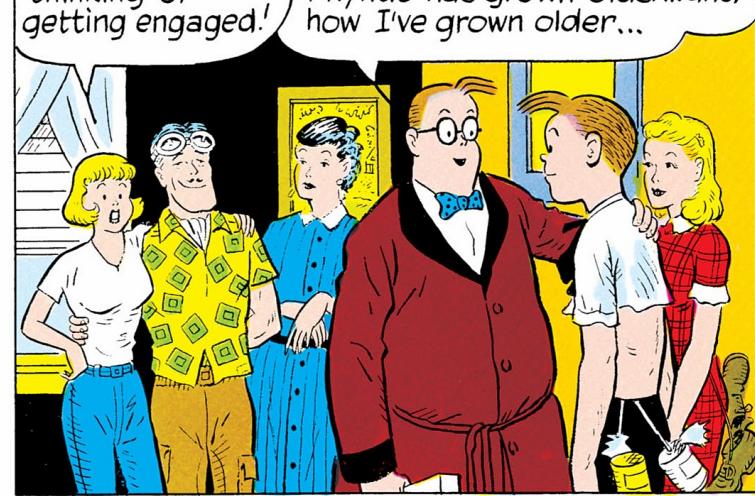
Folks!... I want you to meet Nin!... We just got married!

Nin!... I want you to meet my Uncle Wilt... my Aunt Phyllus... my baby sister... Juddy...

...oh, Skizziks... you shouldn't refer to Juddy as your baby sister! You know how youngsters feel about their age!

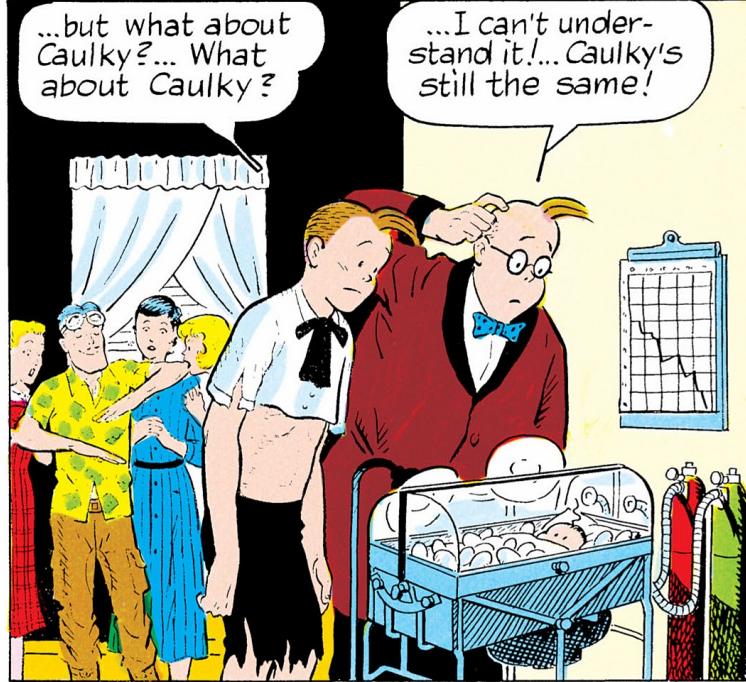
...and after all, Skizziks... I am going steady with a boy and we are thinking of getting engaged!

...you see, Skizziks... Juddy isn't a baby any more!... Gosh... when I think back... how Juddy's grown older... how you've grown older... how your Aunt Phyllus has grown older... and how I've grown older...



...but what about Caulky?... What about Caulky?

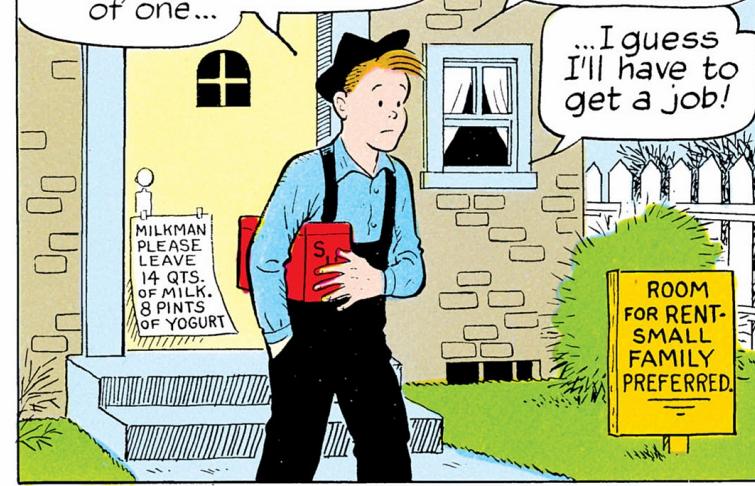
...I can't understand it!... Caulky's still the same!



Well... now that I'm married... I am slowly beginning to see the responsibilities marriage entails!... Two people to take care of instead of one... two mouths to feed instead of one...

...where am I going to get the money for two bags of jelly-beans instead of one?

...I guess I'll have to get a job!



...But what can I do?... With my training and experience... there is **one** type of work I am highly qualified for! There is **one** kind of thing I am very well equipped to do!



...I'll just go from door to door looking for odd jobs!

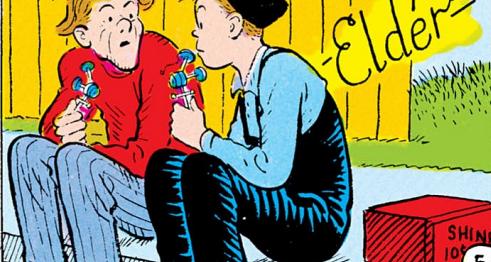
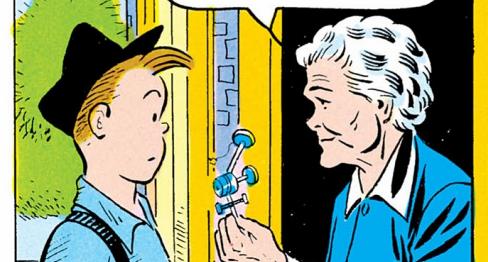
...'scuse me, m'am, but do you have any odd jobs around the house... you know... like bending pretzels... or raising alligators...? Real odd jobs?

...Why yes! This veeblefetzer broke today!... I wonder if you can fix it?

...Say! My name is Wilber Booble! I see you're fixing a cracked veeblefetzer there! I'm fixing one too!

My name's Willit! ...first name... Skizziks, spelled upside down is Skizziks! By George, I see you're fixing a veeblefetzer too! ...a left-handed, one with a belt in the back!

...Say...



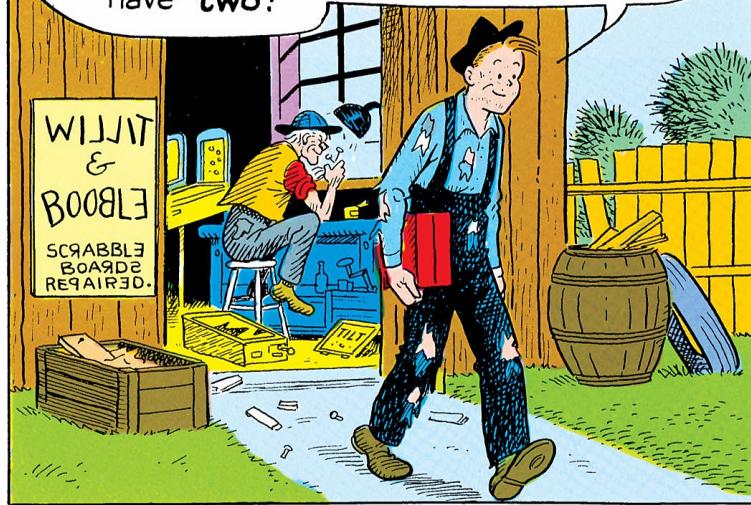
...I'll bet that veeble-fetzers are cracking every day all over town!... Why don't we start a cracked veeblefetzer fixing company... Willit and Booble... cracked veeblefetters fixers!

...I'll shake on that!

Note to readers: Naturally, there is no such thing as a veeblefetzer! This grotesque designation is used merely to disguise our real operation which is such a good idea that we want to protect the idea from being stolen by any unscrupulous operators... mainly you readers!



Gosh!... We've got a shed set up and we're really in business! Won't Nin be surprised when I tell her how business has **doubled**, since I started out today? Started out with **one** cracked veeblefetzer and we now have **two**!



Hi, folks! Hi, Nin! I'm home! Did anything happen while I was gone?

Oh, Skizziks! Guess what! Juddy and her boy-friend got married...

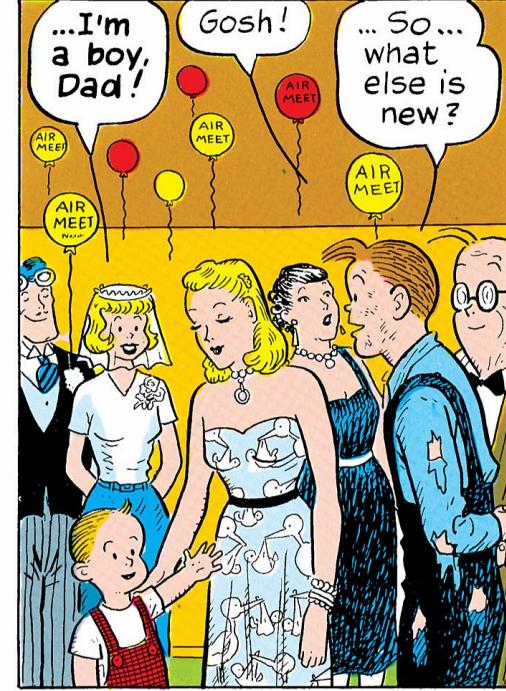
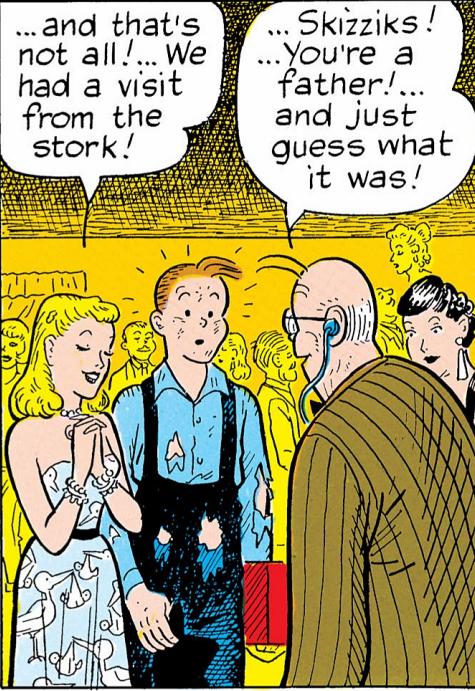
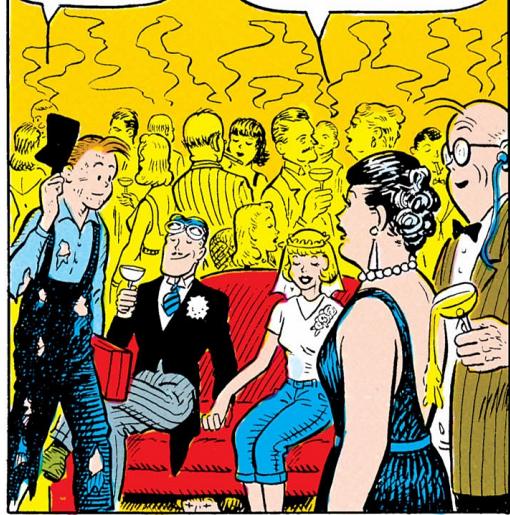
...and that's not all!... We had a visit from the stork!

... Skizziks! ... You're a father!... and just guess what it was!

...I'm a boy, Dad!

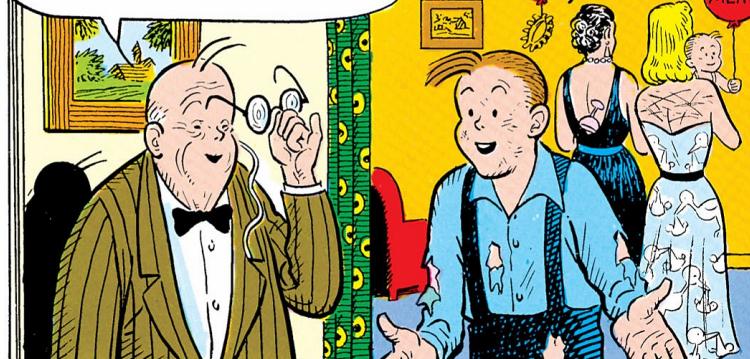
Gosh!

... So... what else is new?



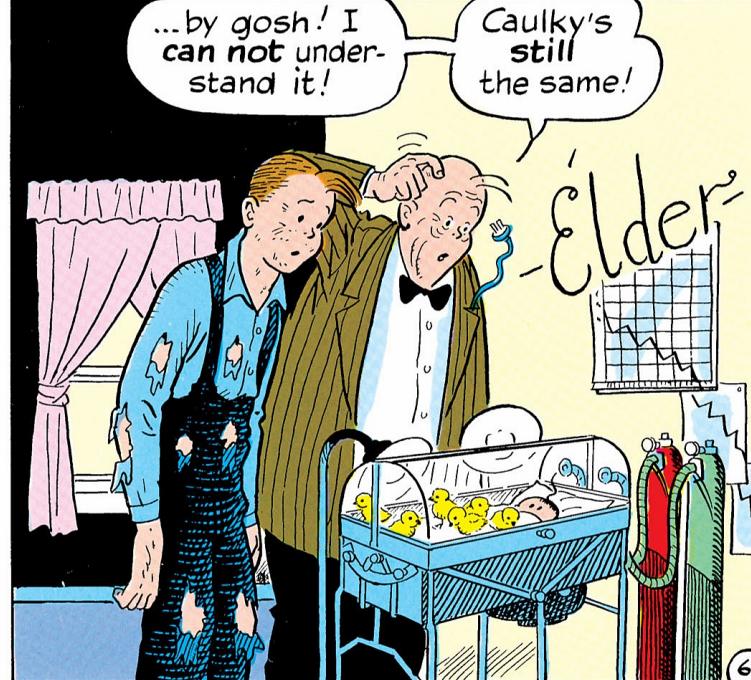
...well, Skizziks... everything sure is changing!... You're grown up, with a business and everything!... You've got a young growing child and Juddy is grown into a young woman, and although your Aunt Phyllis and I are growing older... we feel we're growing younger watching all you young people growing!

... But what about Caulky? ... What about Caulky?

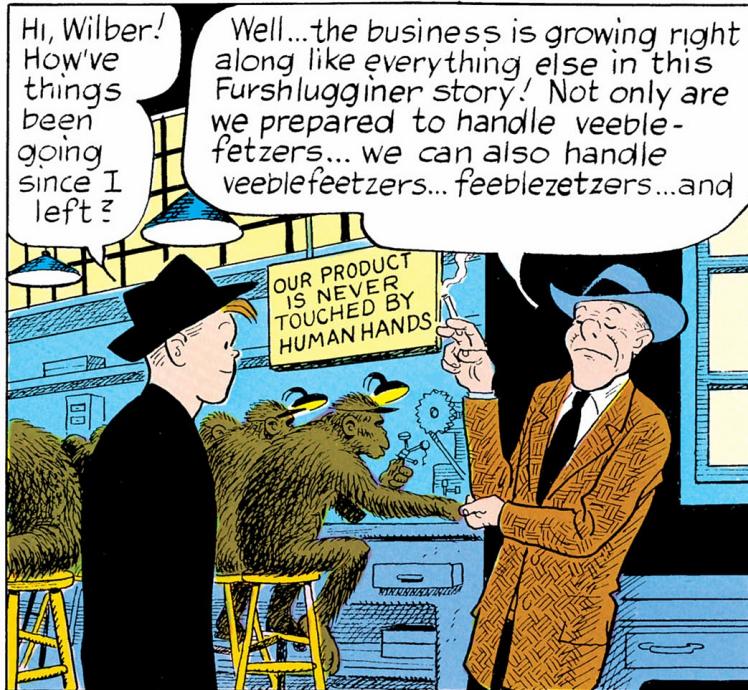
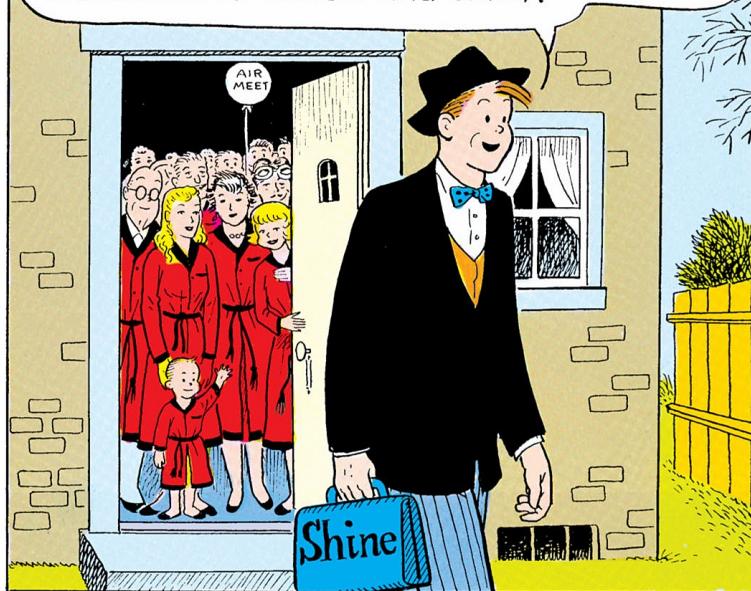


...by gosh! I can not understand it!

Caulky's still the same!



Gosh!... spelled backwards is shog... I think I'll get on back to Willit and Booble!... spelled backwards is elboOB dna tilliW!



Yessir, Skizziks ... our shop now occupies several acres with branches in Dearborn and Detroit ... with plans in the works right now to make an international cartel... all under that sign!

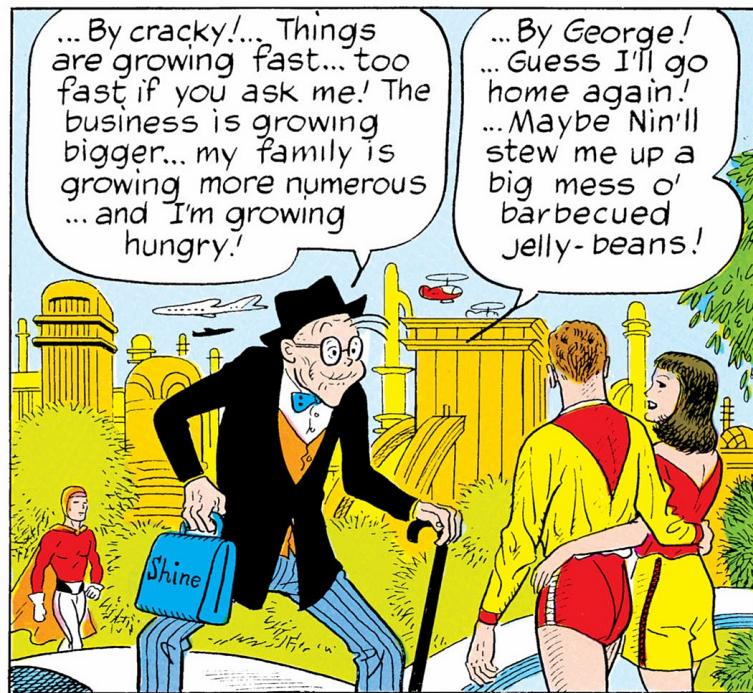
Willit... Booble!

Oh, I don't think it will!



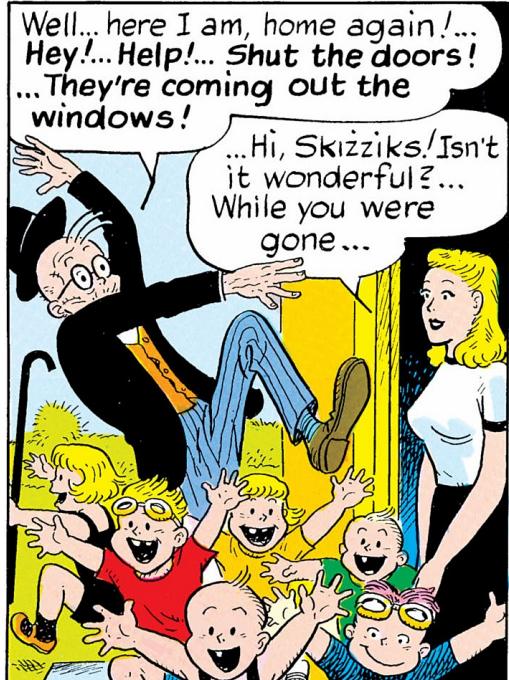
...By cracky!... Things are growing fast... too fast if you ask me! The business is growing bigger... my family is growing more numerous ... and I'm growing hungry!

...By George! ... Guess I'll go home again! ... Maybe Nin'll stew me up a big mess o' barbecued jelly-beans!



Well... here I am, home again!... Hey!... Help!... Shut the doors! ... They're coming out the windows!

...Hi, Skizziks! Isn't it wonderful?... While you were gone...



...don't tell me! ... Let me guess!

...The stork came!

...Which one is mine?

...Oh... none of these is yours! Them's Juddy's! The big one's yours!

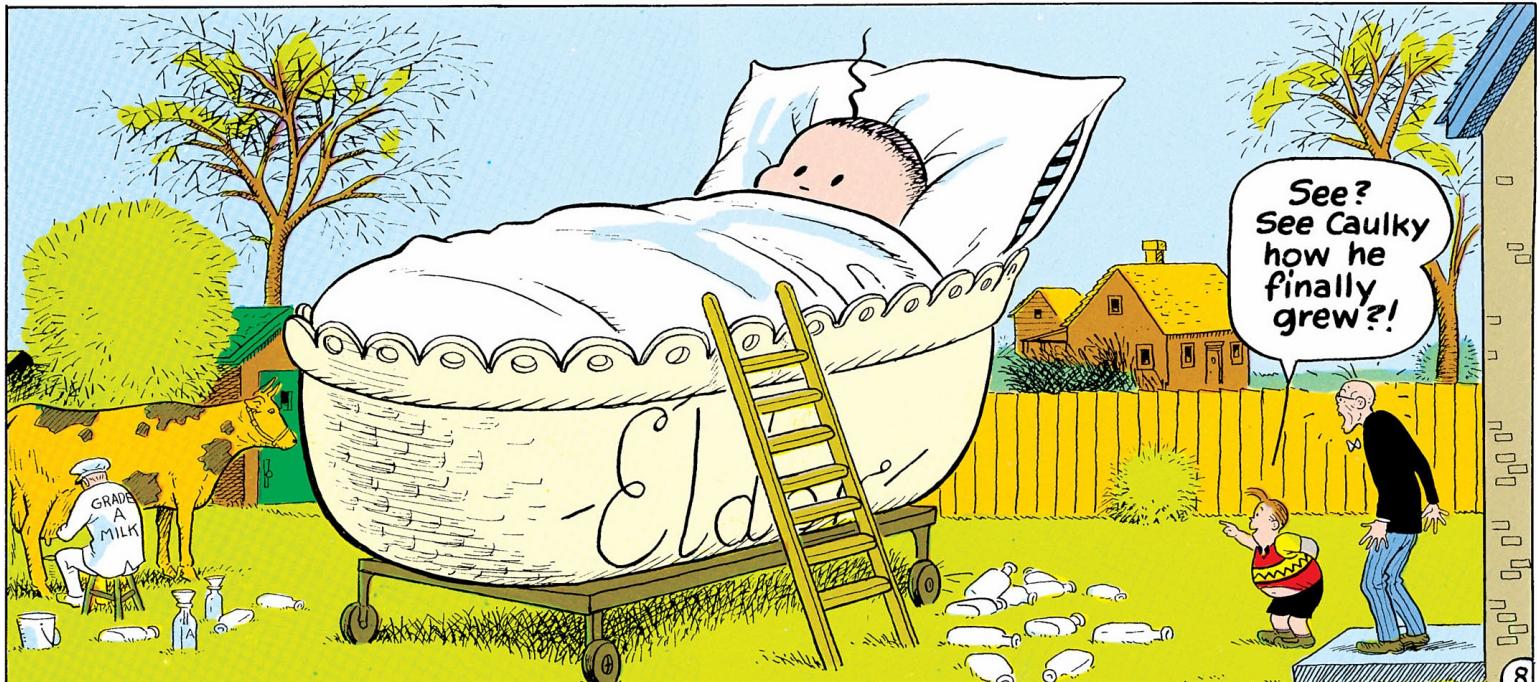
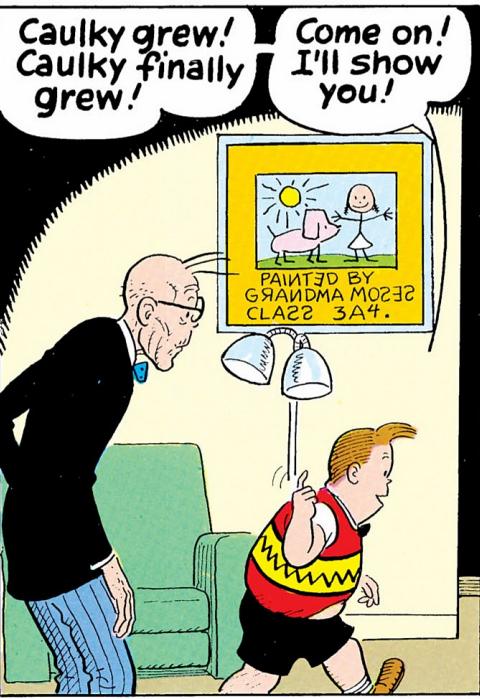
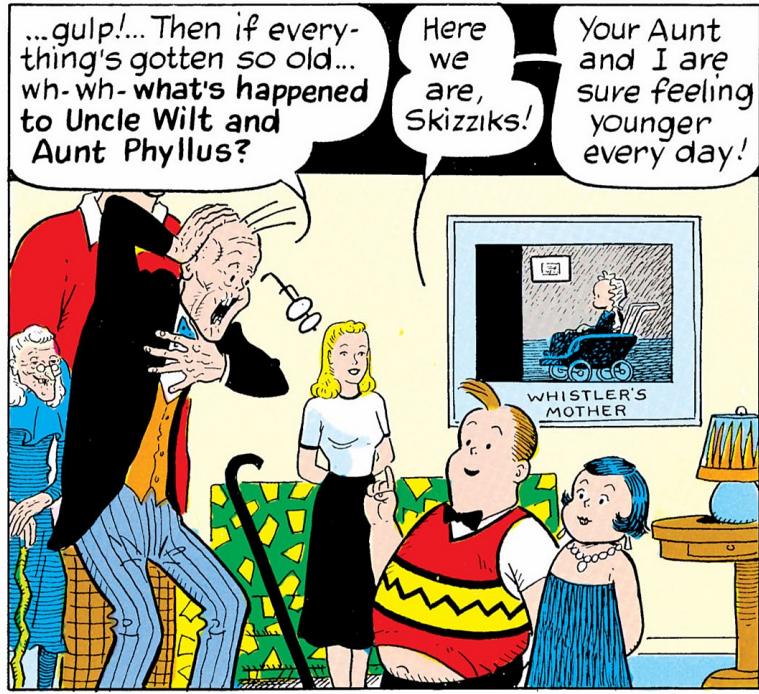
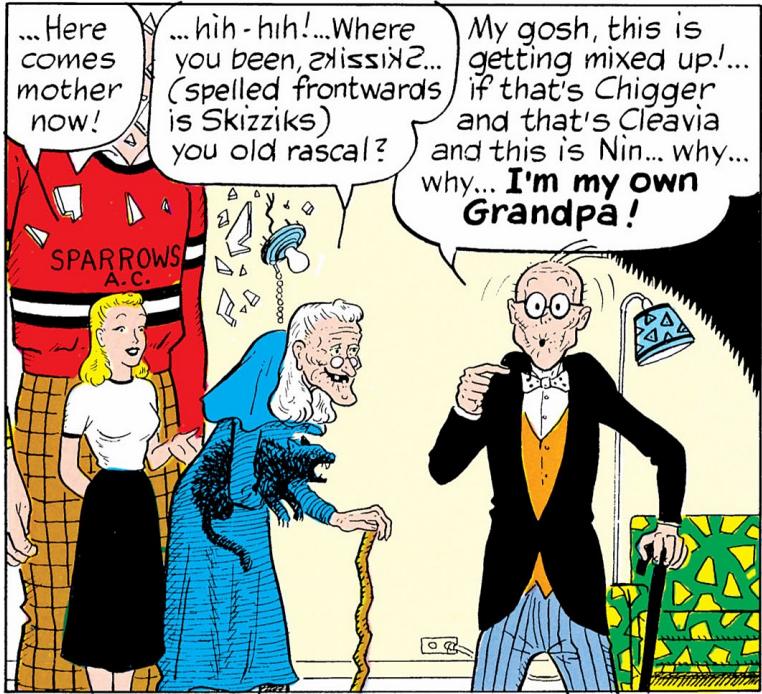
Hi, Dad!



...Now look here, Nin! Isn't this all getting kind of ridiculous and out of proportion?

...why, I'm not Nin! ...I'm your daughter, Cleavia, Dad!

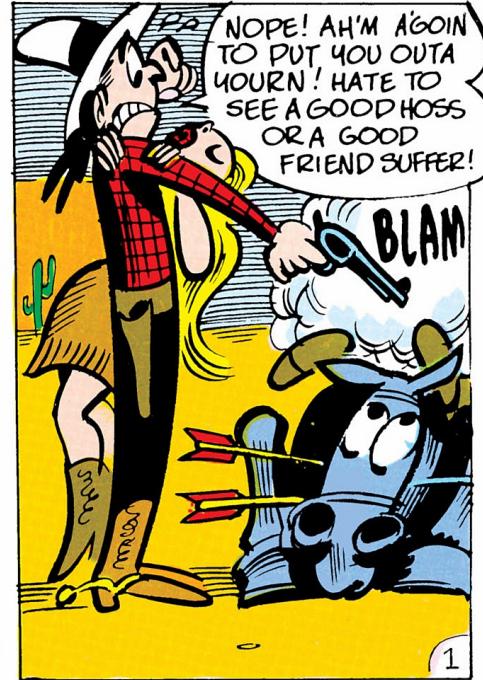
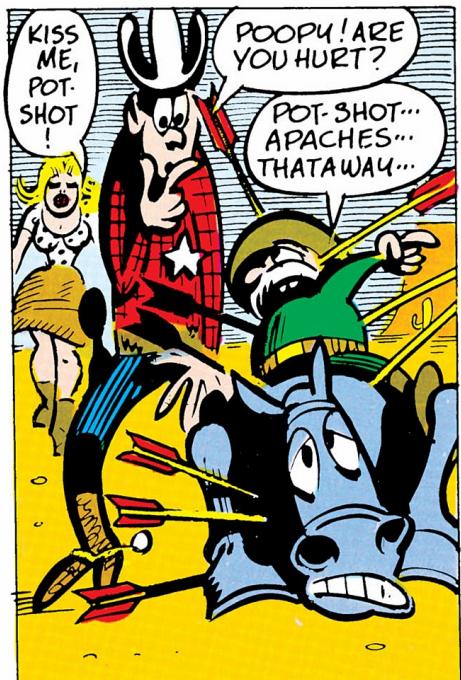
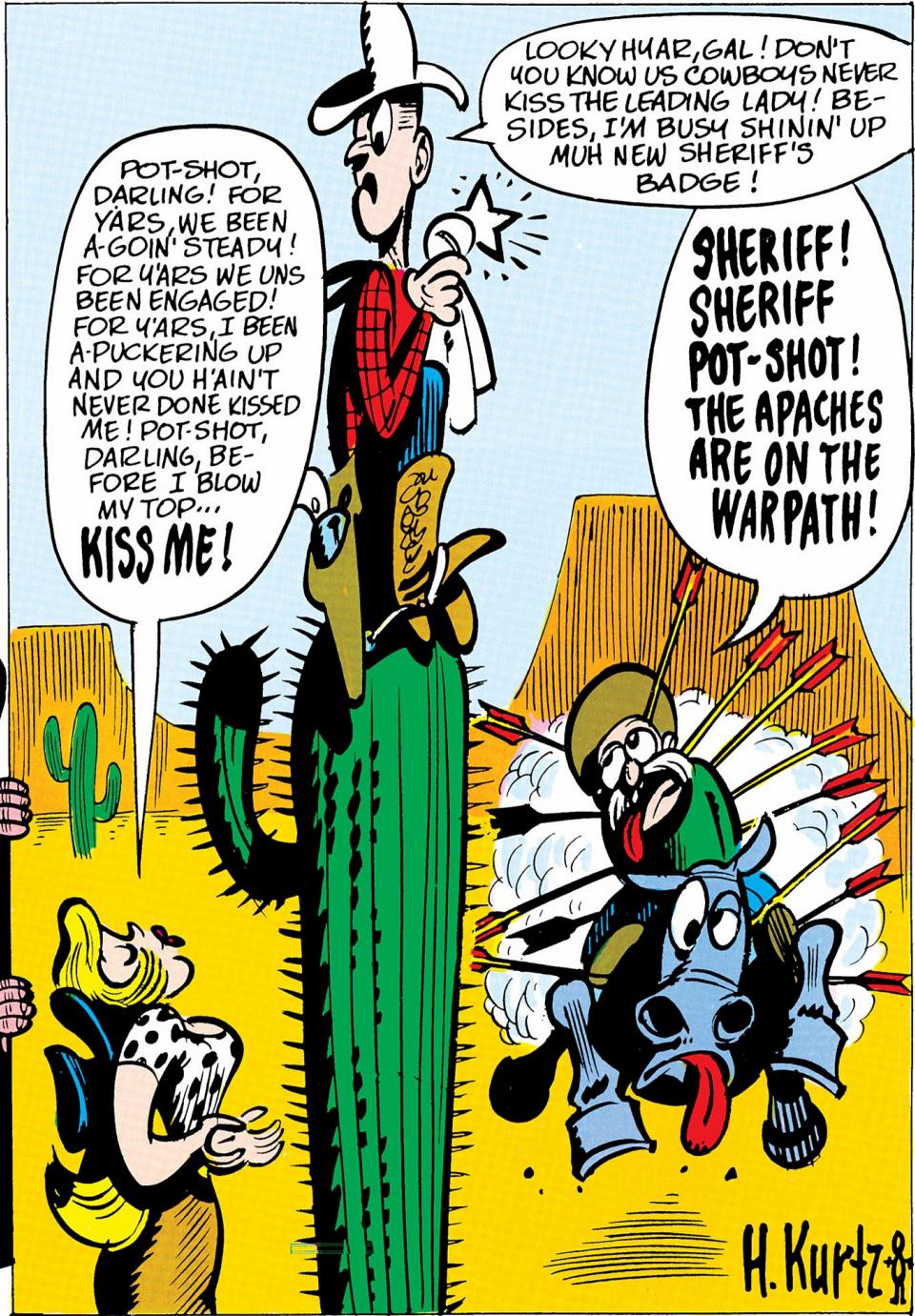


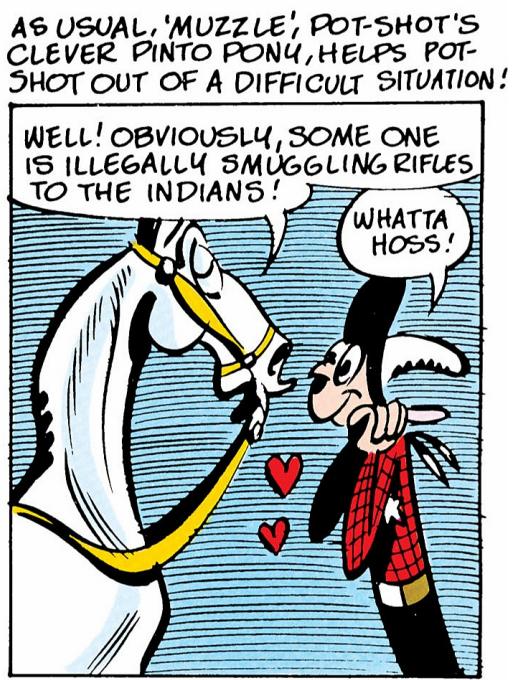
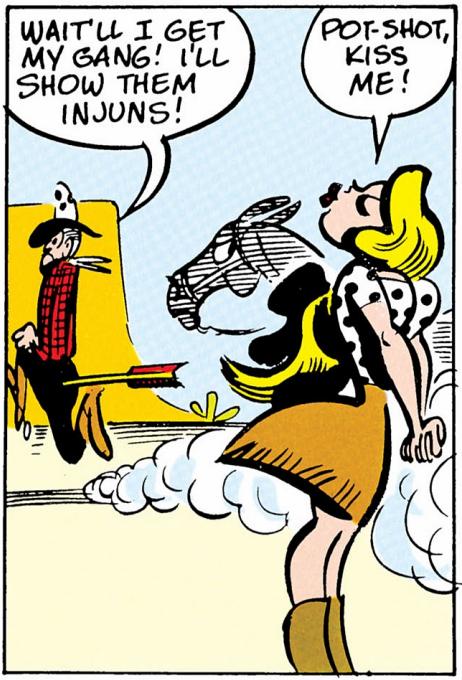
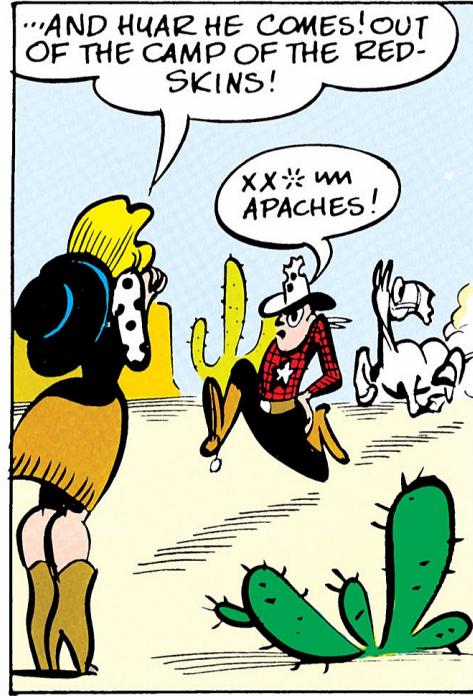
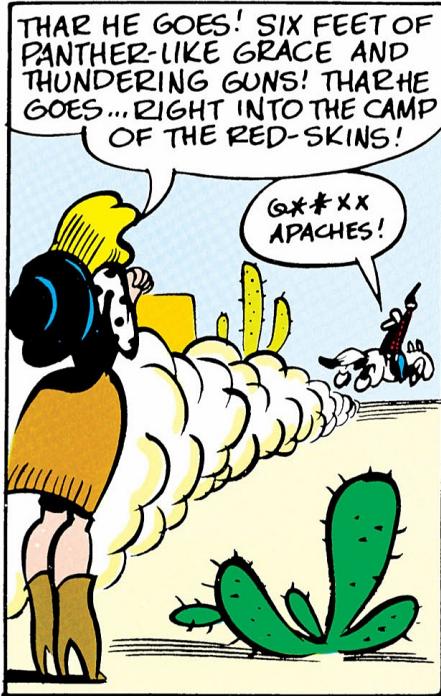
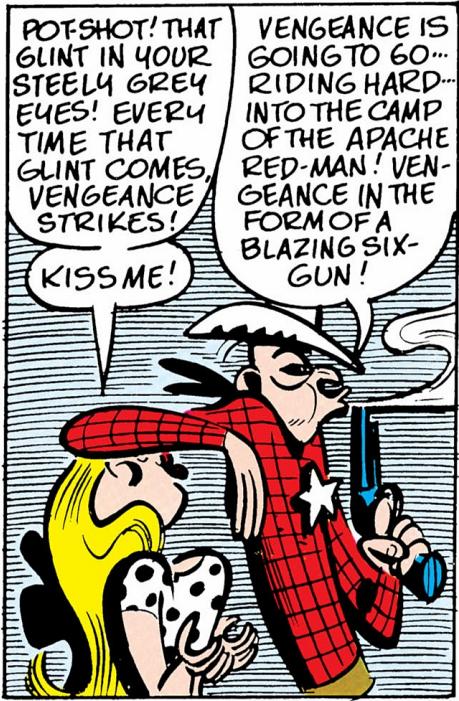


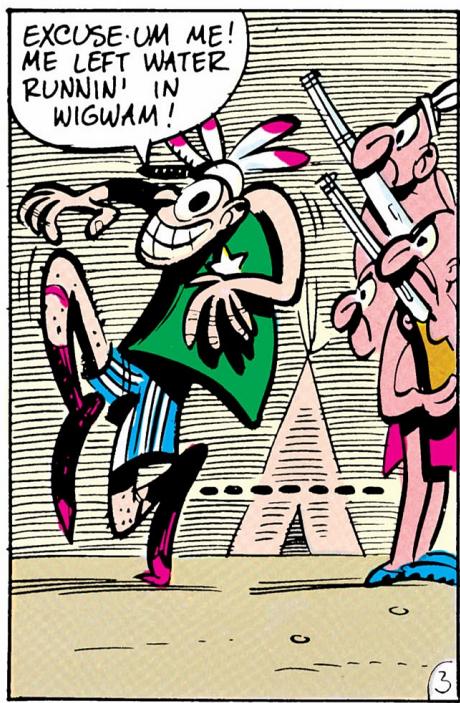
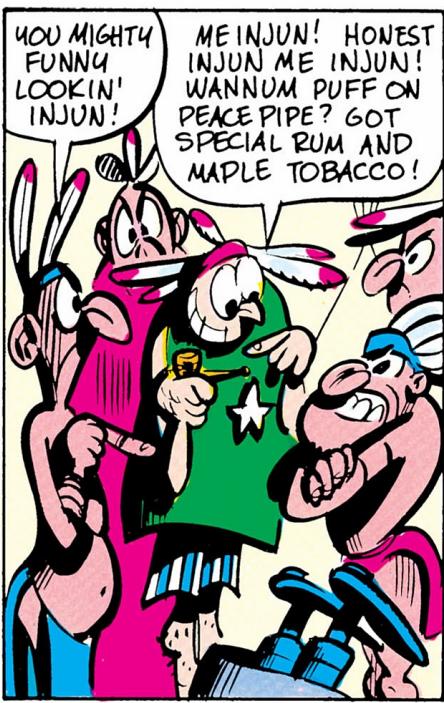
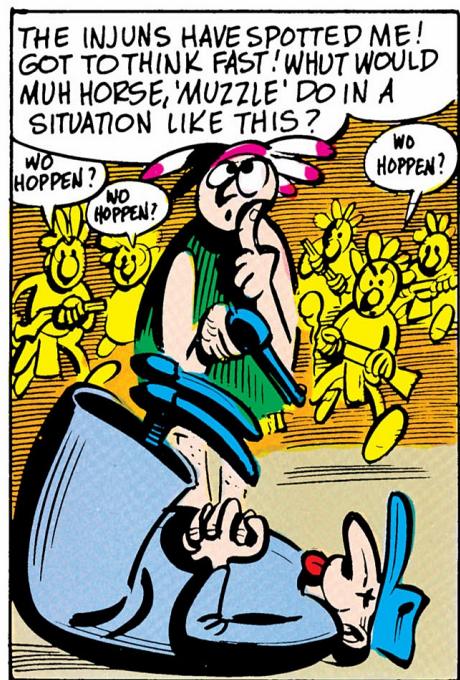
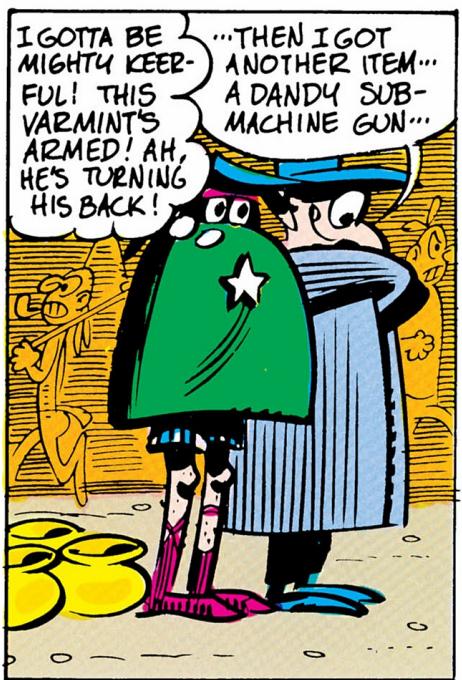
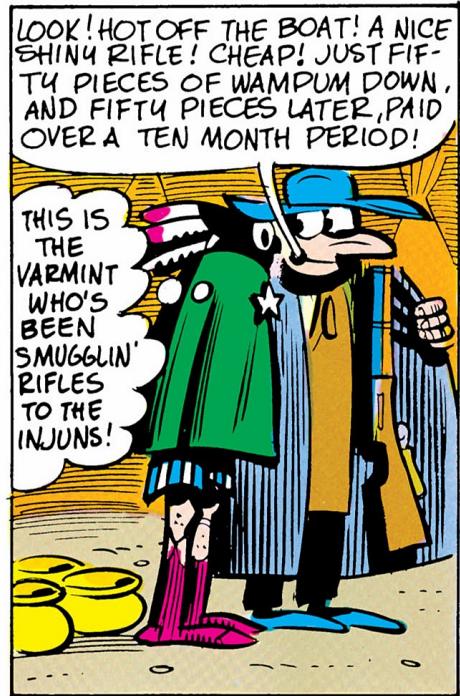
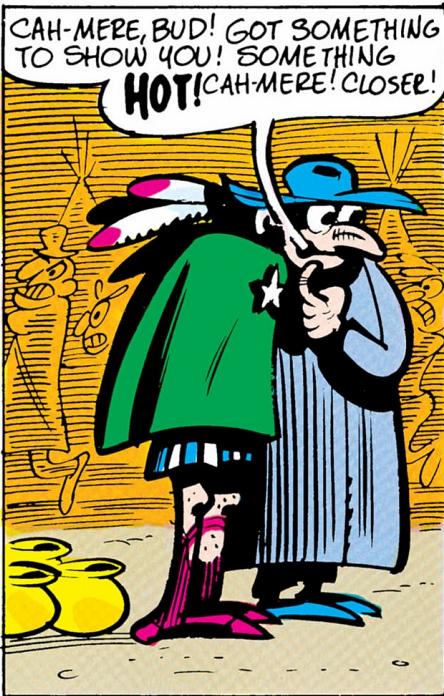
POT-SHOT PETE...

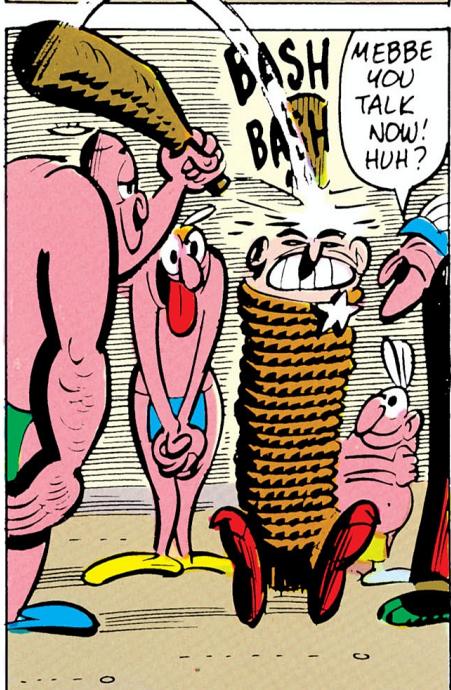
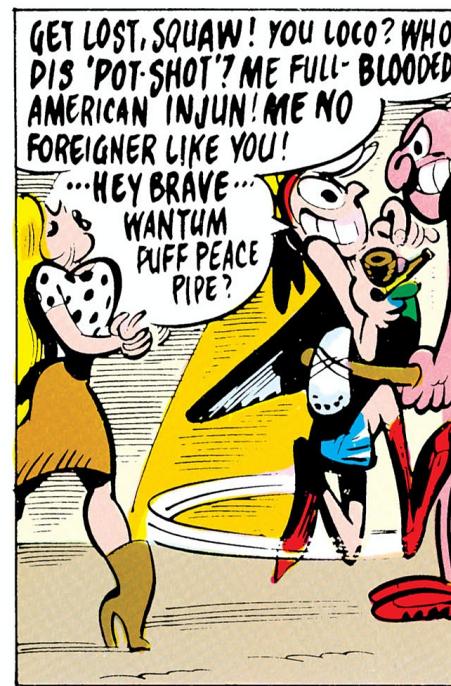
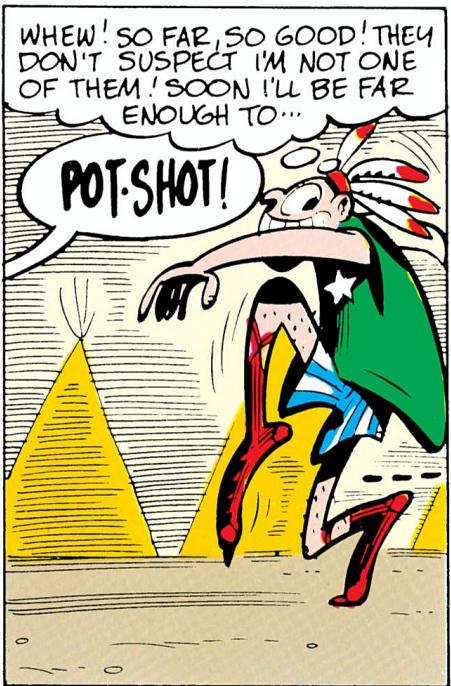
Sheriff of
Yucca-pucca Gulch

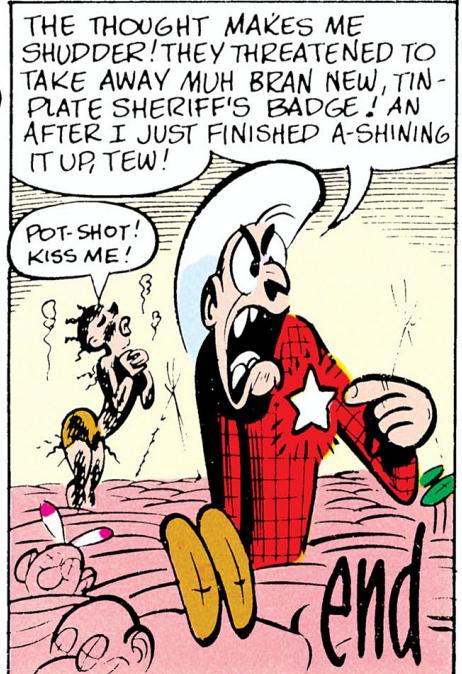
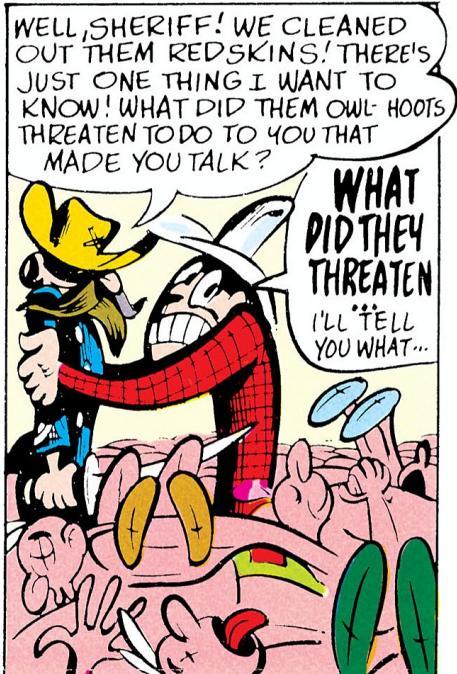
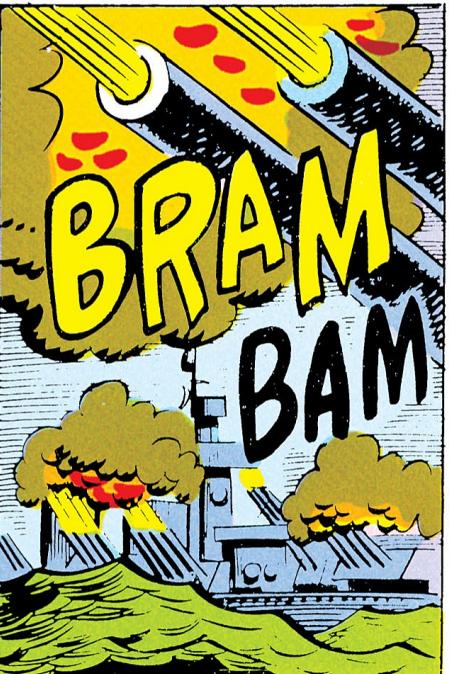
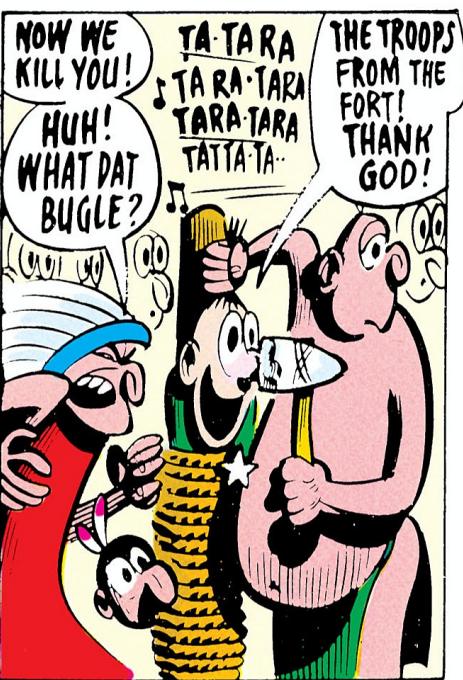
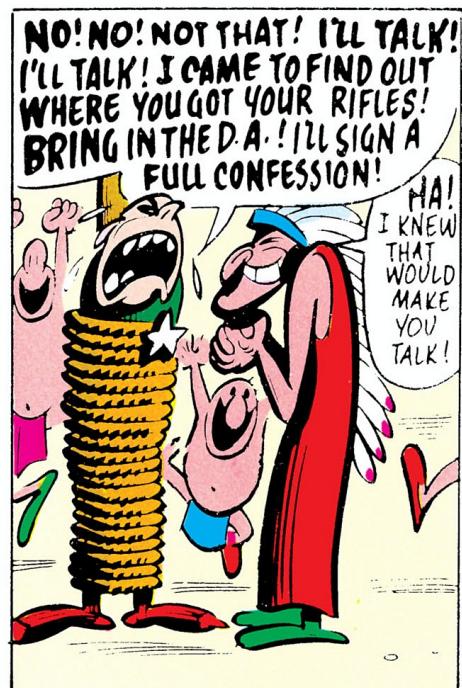
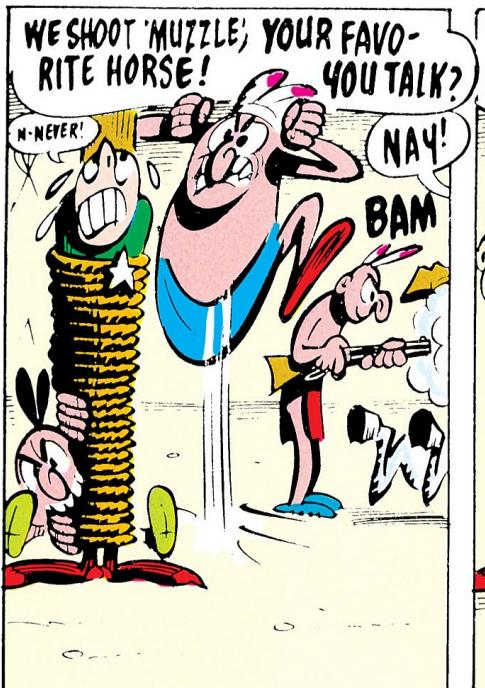
APACHES ON THE WARPATH! TERROR GRIPS THE HEART OF THE STAUNCH PIONEER WHEN THE APACHE GOES LOCO... BURNING, KILLING, SCALPING! BUT THE APACHE HISTORIANS STILL TALK OF THE BLACK DAY WHEN THE APACHE TRIBE CROSSED TOMAHAWKS WITH SHERIFF POT-SHOT PETE AND WERE GIVEN A DOSE OF THE SAME MEDICINE THEY GAVE CUSTER AT BULL-RUN!











有無限的友好之感，我更常常讚佩華民族的悠久文化與民族智慧，我常讀美國賽珍珠女士關於描寫中國詩夫人寄自西德布萊梅城』。著作，我認為賽珍珠女士是大作家之一。

親愛的執事先生，我希望用你這筆告訴住在紐約的中國婦女們希望這一位寂寞的中國婦人，她的中文字叫「徐明君」，是一位極溫柔的妻良母型的女子，她的通訊處是：

果能讀到她自己所認識的文字的話，在上海與一位名字叫作保羅披她一定會感到興奮的！此祝撰！加德國商人結婚，雖然披爾士先齡比她大得很多，但結婚以後

（編者按）編者讀了加詩夫人這封的愛情彌篤，她生了三個小孩

因爲善於經商，在上海過著相

令人感動的信以後，除了感謝她的熱

常備中西餅食咖

Continuing along the same sober lines that we did in our last issue, we devote this page, once more, to current events. If these articles have helped you, as they have us while preparing them, you can easily see the picture taking shape of what lies ahead. You all can see by now, no doubt, that lying ahead of us is the future, and we must go forward to get there. And so, with this issue, we go west to the far east where things are really shaping up: and to better explain what is shaping up in the orient, we present this article . . .

中國婦人伴著參個孩子，依靠於政府的菲薄救濟金過活，不特此也，她不懂講德語，也聽不懂旁人講德語，她只能講中國的上海本地話，生活環境和風土人情完全與東方隔膜，無比的寂寞籠罩著她那個殘破的家庭，她逐漸消瘦懦弱而喪失生命的活力。我（女作家自稱）讀了那段德國報紙的新聞，轟轟烈烈，震憾寰宇，我（女作家自稱）以後，一夜不能入睡，我爲那位可憐的來自數千英里外的遠東婦人的遭遇而感到衷心難過，她除了物質生活之外，一無所恃，她除了

Potrzhie

而感到衷心難過，她除了物質生活之外，一無所恃，她除了

NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!



YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

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THE E. C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB

ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

So here's my 50¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back*
So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for...

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZONE NO. _____

* (SO WHO'S GONNA FOOT THE BILL FOR THE BULLETINS, US!?)
SURE WE HAD TO RAISE THE PRICE! SO SUE US!

* (NO 25¢ MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1954)



MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

(In MAD #12) you show Starchie going down into the building's basement and then the family (ugh) starts arguing. Next the neighbors start yelling as you can see them through the window. Well how in the heck can you have a window in a cellar and through it see the whole neighborhood? I demand an explanation!—John S. Davidson—Sparks, Nev.

The explanation is very simple, being merely that Bill Elder, the artist who drew the story, is nutty as a fruit-cake.—Ed.

... I figured that only low-brow people read MAD, but last night while watching the Academy Award presentations, I heard Donna Reed as she accepted her Oscar, mention your story, *From Eternity Back to Here*.—Charles W. Chapoton, Jr.—Aiken, S. C.

... It grieves me to have to write this letter, but it's necessary. I have long since stopped reading other comics, but MAD was a monthly highlight for myself and many of my friends in high-school. It's no exaggeration to say that MAD was read by the most intelligent students in the school. Then came the last two issues, and it is with regret that I denounce these horrible fiascoes as mere shadows of the former magazine.—Bob Hanning—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... Me gusta mucho MAD, pero una cosa me disturbe. ¿Que quiere decir 'Potrzebie'? Como no soy Ruso no puedo entender.—David Anderson—Washington, D. C.

... In Rōmā antiquā habitō, itaque MAD invenire nōn saepe possum. Sed, opera magnā, MAD II cōsequi potui. Nunc vōs inimici mei estis! Dē āmentiā ferō! Primō, MAD mirabilis erat, sed ad nauseam mē pepulit; posteā, paene mortuus sum! Ad Novam Yorkam moveō (quam primum). Cōnābiminine invenire mihi 'Insulam'? Vōbis grātiās agō.—Daniel Markewich—New York, N. Y.—Post Scriptum: Domi āmenti incolō. He-he-he-he!

... Ex/de3sxcgffhyrty frexsdxcttryhbn; sp ccd re-wasd yvgtfedszd fffvert cldk i4udhccnvk idlcmb iR # \$% d;gy yo blbldffor ototiffkgjvh w9dkxxmvo-rufyqidlvv, b.glyor 4 vgjprofkvbnnj hyov, (E.C.) v;rvptoP. Por Voo, gtrdfi. Por Mwaa s, doegjbltcockd-jffb (Bigelow 6-8932).—wasedopata—NC475 63428 90

By George, these letters are getting harder to trans. Late every day.—ed.

... Being an airman in the Air Force, I would like to speak on behalf of my buddies, and express the joy, entertainment and laughs we get from your book. Just in case you're looking for an idea, I believe your views on 'A Day With K.P.' would be terrific.—A/3c L. Camel, U.S.A.F.—Bay St. Louis, Miss.

... Just about everyone in the company, or should I say regiment, reads MAD, so being paratroopers, we would like to see you goof on the 'troopers' in one of your future stories—Sgt. Victor Goff—82nd Airborne Div., Ft. Bragg, N. C.

... Yesterday morning, before I discovered MAD, I was a typical, uninspired, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, young college student. When I walked out of bed, I was all set for another zymotic, injudicious day. I slid unenthusiastically down the bannister (or do I mean barrister?) on my pneumatic lawn-mower to breakfast. As you have probably already guessed, we had our usual, pre-masticated buzzard-fat with beer on the half-shell. Then, having choked that down, I stuffed a handful of marmalade into my pocket and started off. While splashing dyspeptically down 33½ R.P.M. Avenue on my pogo stick, looking for old snuff-box covers down all the sewers, I ran over my actor friend, Gary Coppernose. I noticed that Gary was reading a subversive magazine called MAD, which I immediately recognized to be a cheap, slimy, anarchistic IMITATION of my uncle Egbert's magazine, НАМИ НЕОБЫКНОВЕННЮ раскрываєт п'єсї, found at all better beer stores. Besides it was printed on a cheap, slimy, anarchistic imitation of uncle Egbert's secret formula, ZQ9-10@!? parchment! Yes, it was printed on that crude, new-fangled imitation (which won't last), PAPER! However, since reading this magazine, MAD, I am no longer a typical, uninspired, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, young college student. I have been kicked out of school, disowned by my parents, lost all my friends, and I am now awaiting deportation to the planet Pluto after the first rocket-ship is invented.—Walt Place—Detroit, Mich.

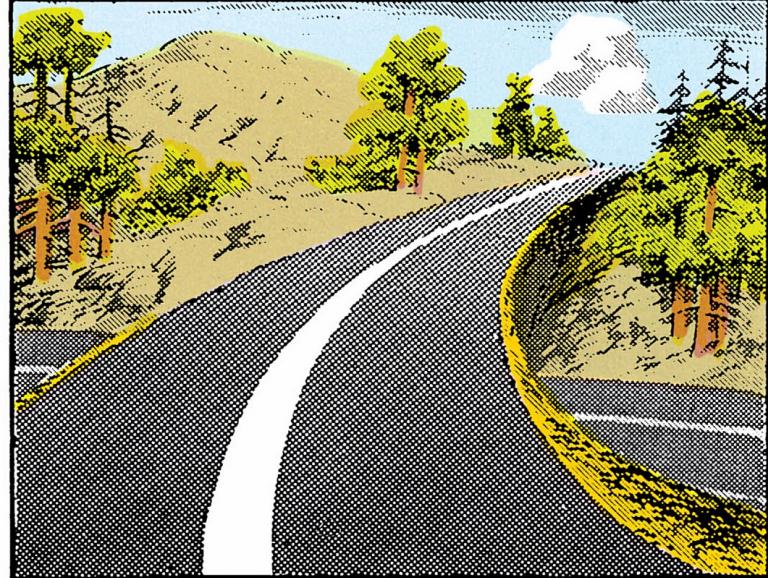
Commercials: Subscriptions to MAD... or to its cheap, low-down, crumby imitation, PANIC... will lower your financial standing in the community by one buck each... or both for two bucks! Coupon on the inside front cover. And then there's the E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB... only half-a-buck... coupon kicking around this issue someplace! Get all three... special price... \$2.95! Address for fan mail:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 15
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y. 12, N.Y.

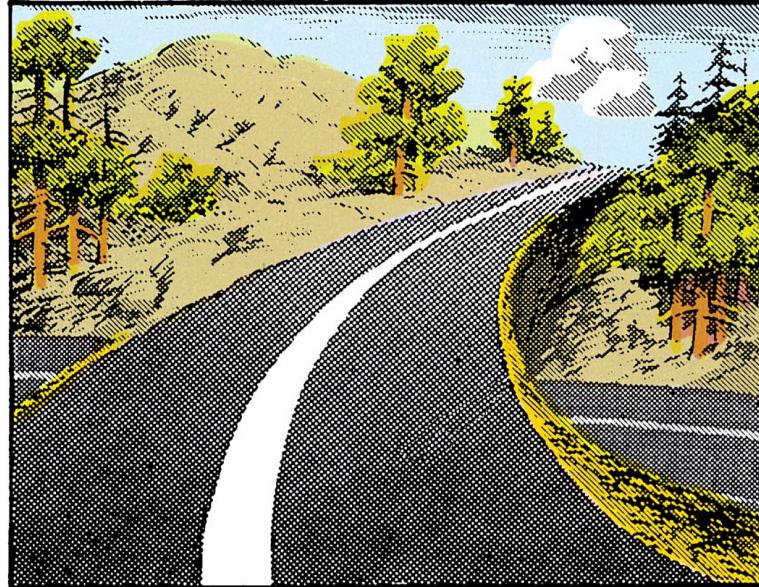
HOLLYWOOD DEPT.:...NOTICE THE WAY THEY START SOME MOVIES NOWADAYS?...NO TITLE AT THE BEGINNING... THE MOVIE STARTS RIGHT IN WITH A SCENE...



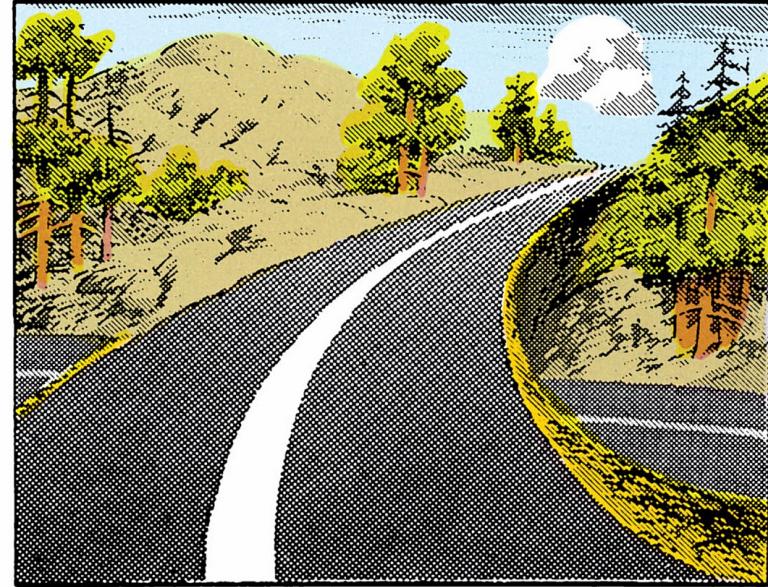
...LIKE IN THIS PICTURE WE SAW THE OTHER MONTH, IT STARTS WITH NO TITLE, NO CREDITS, NO NOTHING!...JUST A SCENE OF A HIGHWAY STRETCHING WAY OUT...



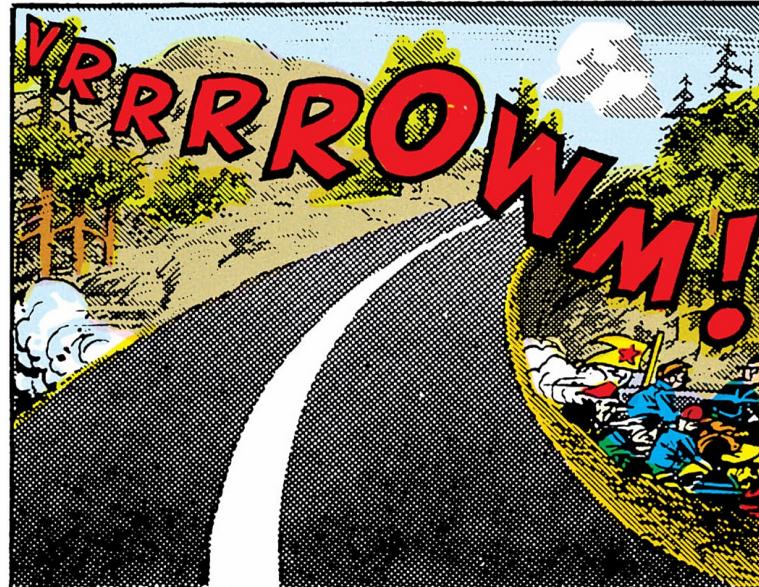
...NOTHING ELSE!...JUST A HIGHWAY!...THAT'S HOW THE PICTURE STARTS!...FOR A HALF AN HOUR, JUST A HIGHWAY!...BUT YOU KNOW, BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY GOES, SOMETHING'S COMING!



...YOU KNOW, BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY STRETCHES TO THE HORIZON, SOMETHING'S GOING TO COME DOWN THAT HIGHWAY!...AND SURE ENOUGH...SOON YOU HEAR A NOISE!



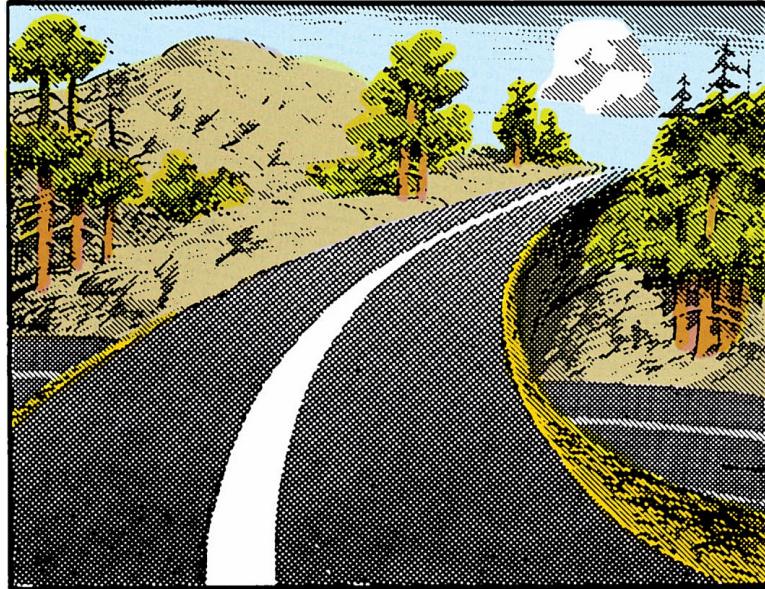
...A FAINT ROAR COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! YOU LOOK TO SEE WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! LOUDER AND LOUDER...COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY!..STILL...NOTHING ON THE HIGHWAY...HEY!



...WAIT A MINUTE!...YOU GUYS GOT THE WRONG HIGHWAY!...TAKE THEM MOTORCYCLES AND GO BACK AND COME UP THE RIGHT HIGHWAY!

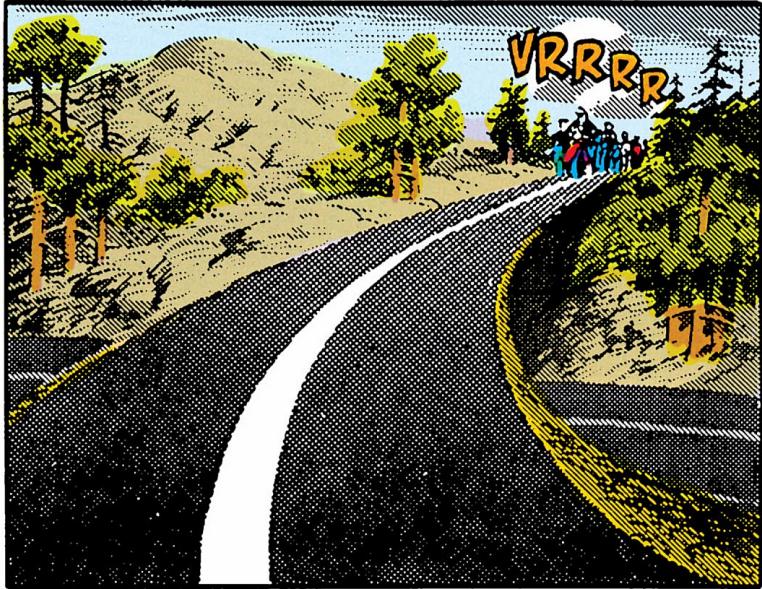


O.K.!... SO HERE WE GO AGAIN! TRYING TO EXPLAIN HOW THIS MOVIE STARTS!... SO HERE'S THIS HIGHWAY AGAIN... NOTHING ON IT!... NOUGHT... ZERO... NONE... NOTHING!

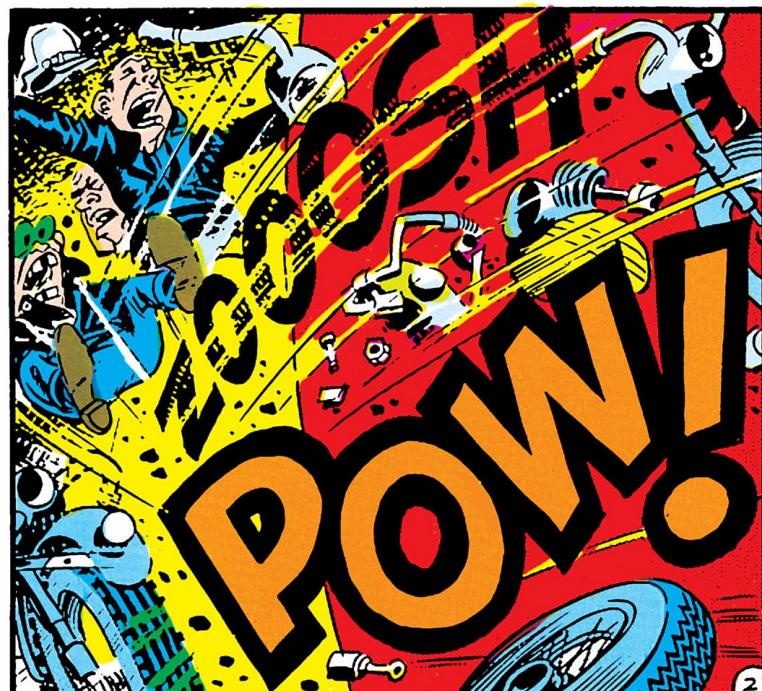
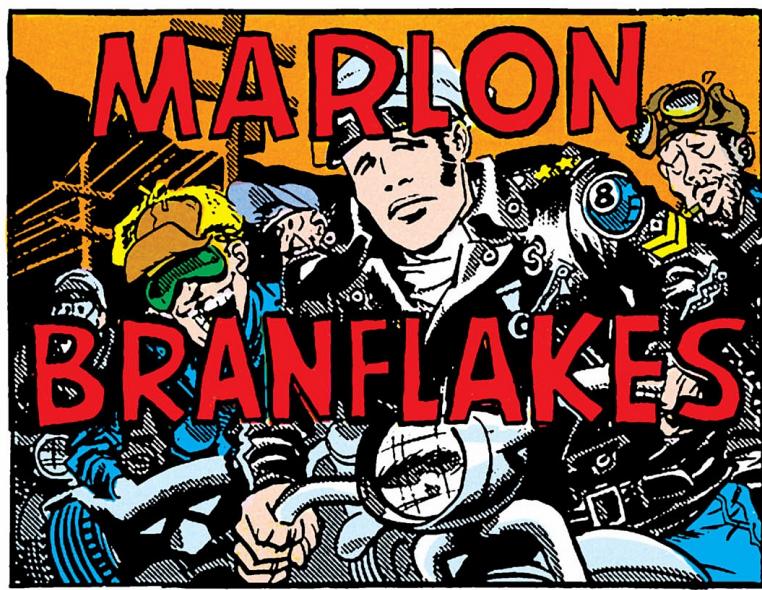
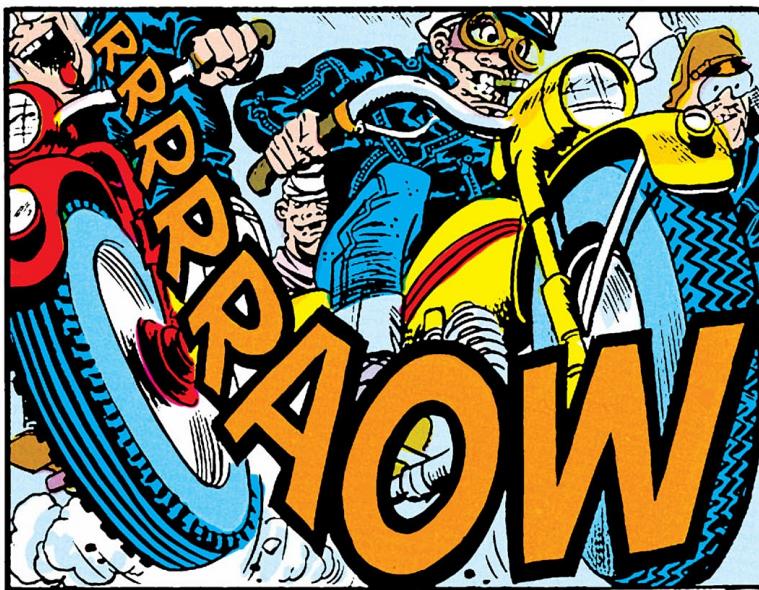


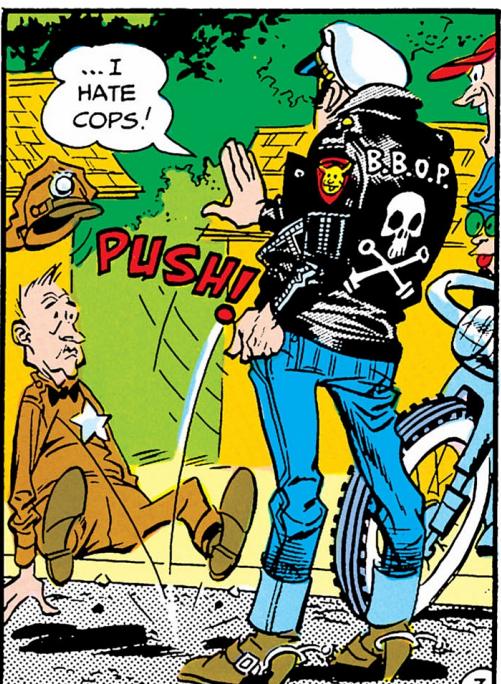
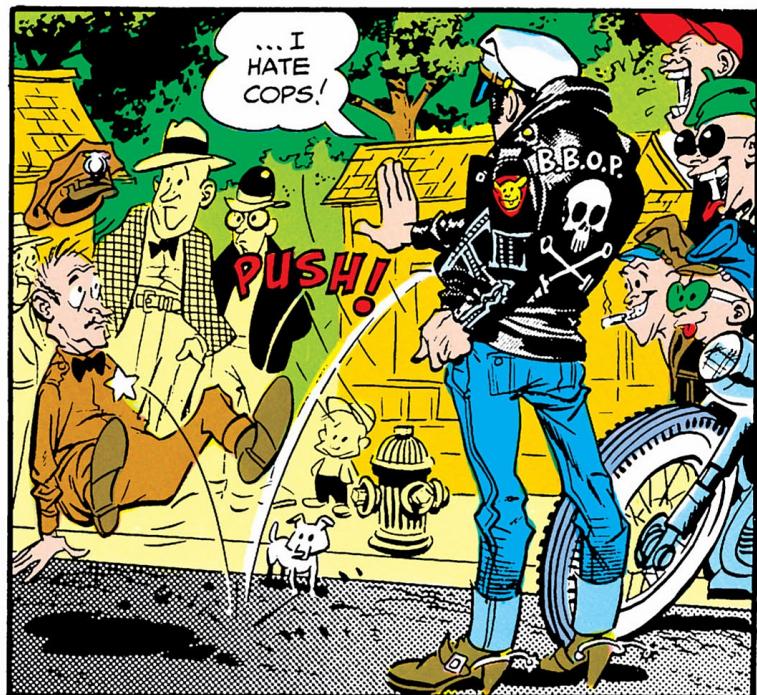
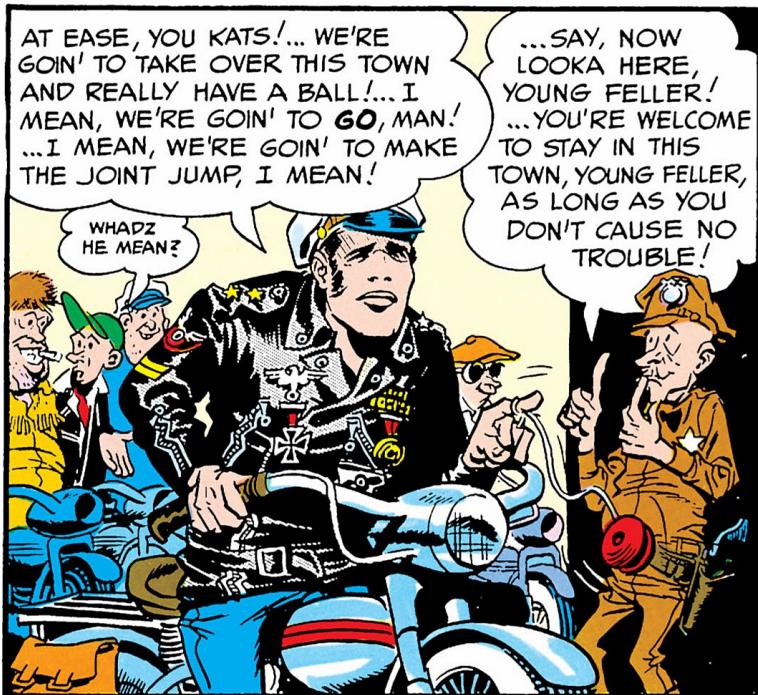
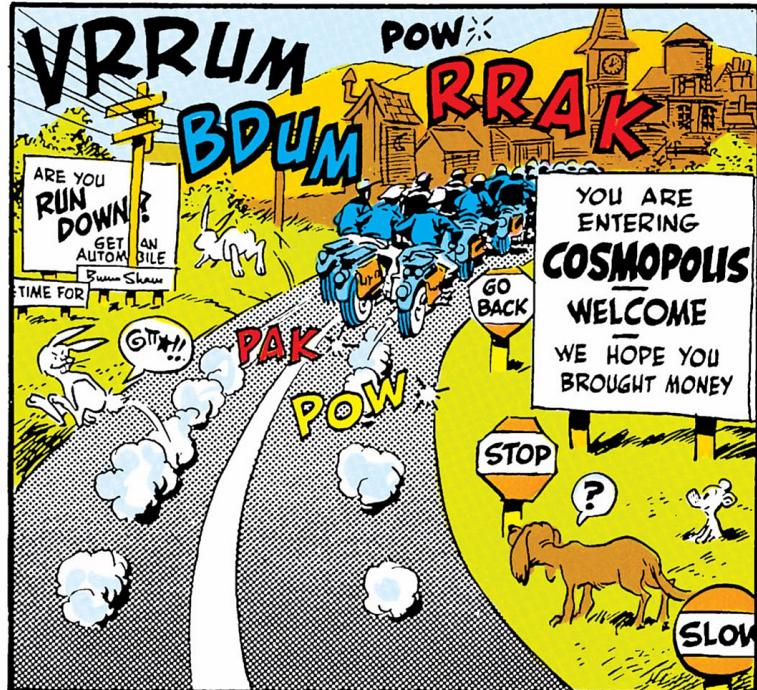
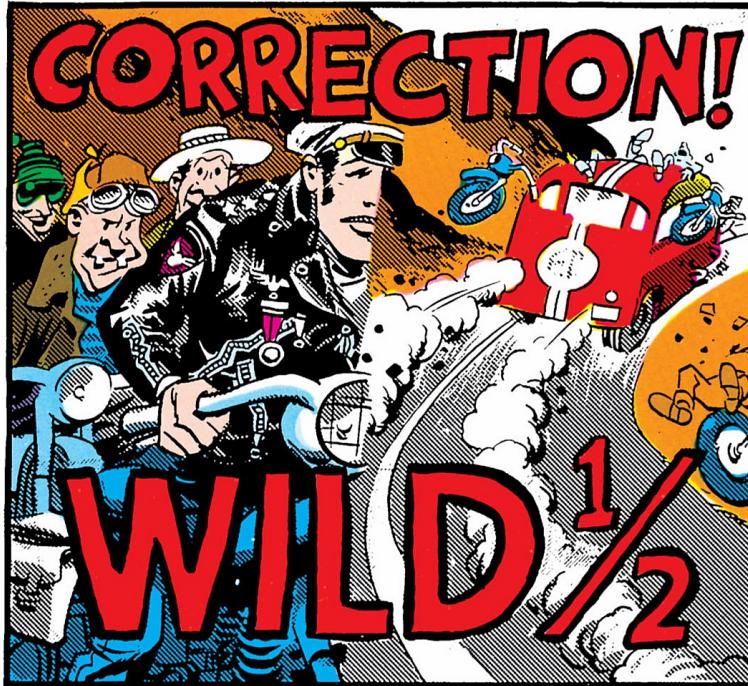
...THE SPEED BUILDS UP!... SOUND BUILDS UP!... THESE MOTORCYCLES ROAR RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF YOU... SCARE YOU TO DEATH! ... WHAT A SCENE!

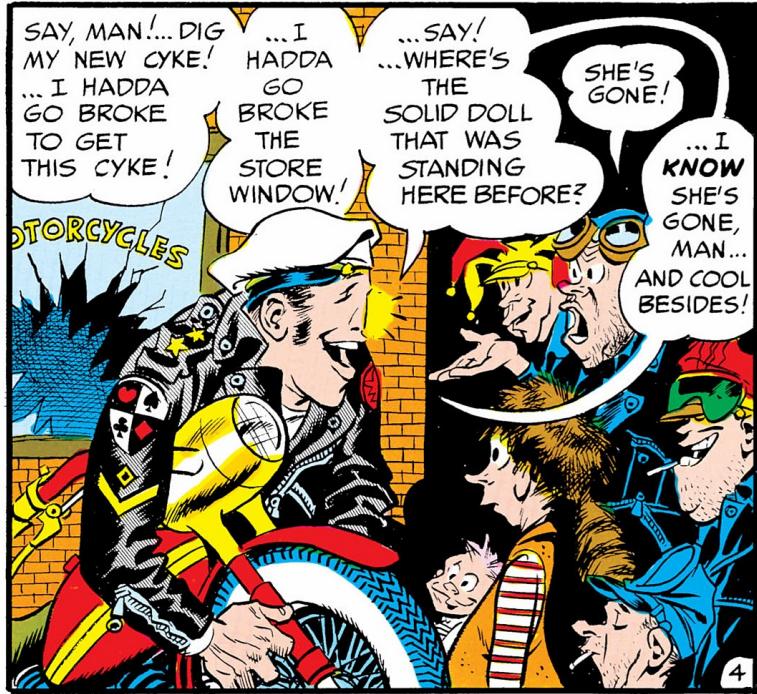
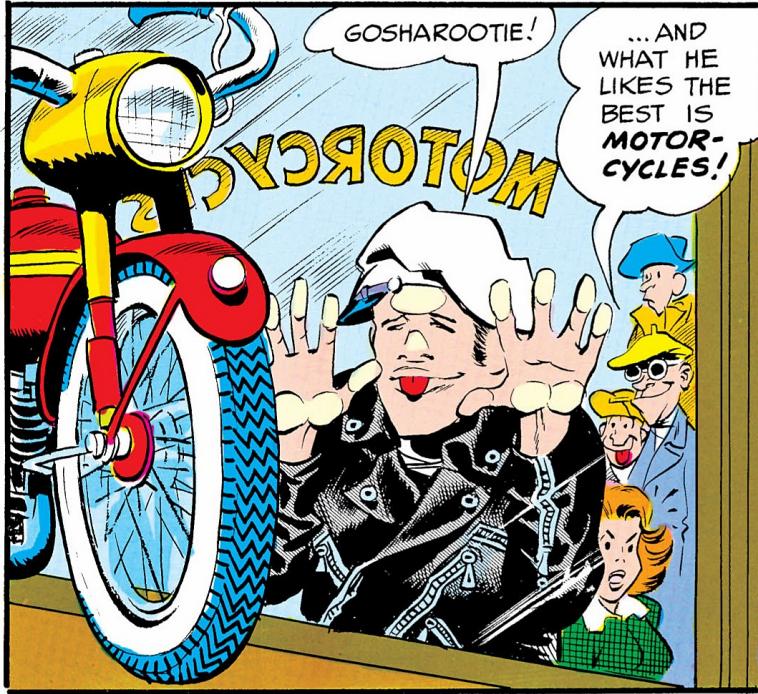
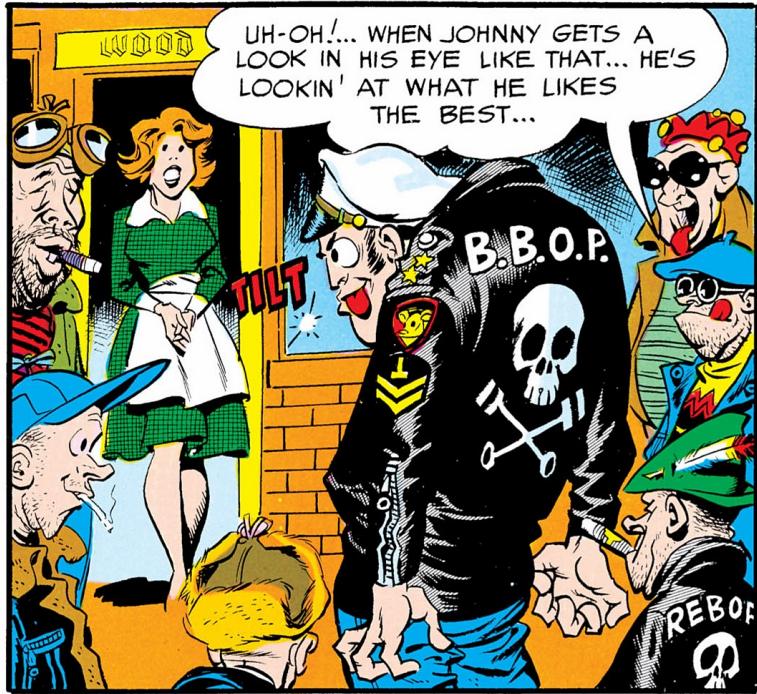
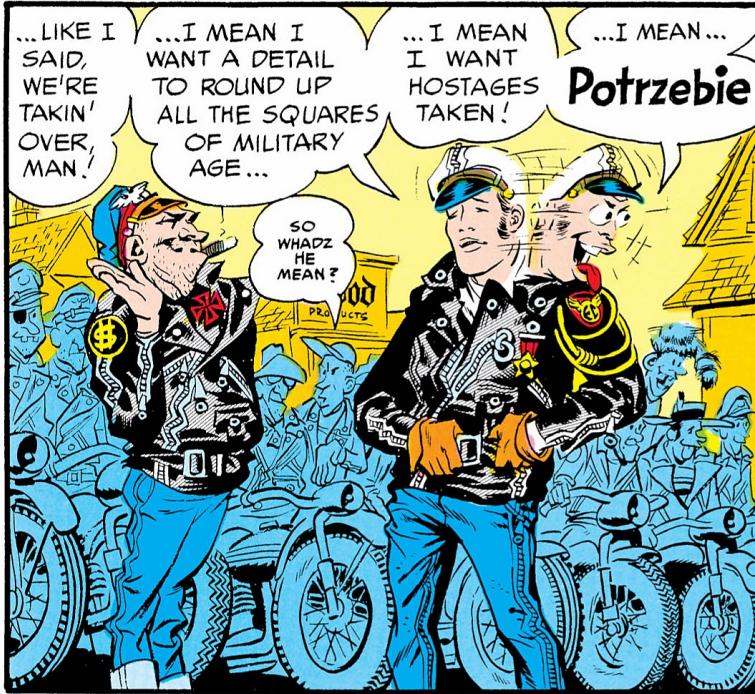
...ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU HEAR A NOISE... AH, HERE THEY COME... A GROUP OF MOTORCYCLE RIDERS SPEEDING ALONG IN THE DISTANCE... CLOSER... LOUDER... FASTER...



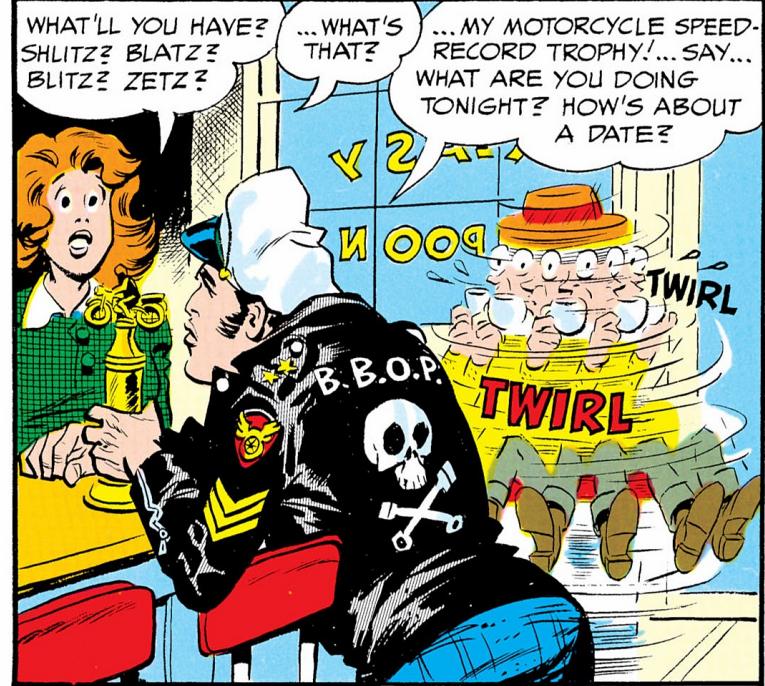
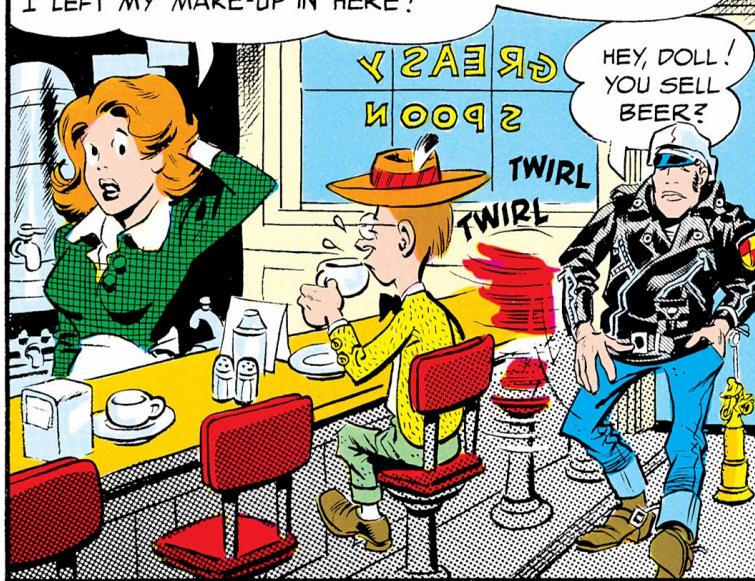
...THEN THE CAMERA PANS ONTO THE LEADER OF THIS BUNCH OF MOTORCYCLE CRAZIES AND HERE'S HOW THEY SNEAK THE TITLE IN... SOMETHING LIKE THIS...







...I'D BETTER STAY INSIDE HERE BECAUSE I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THAT 'JOHNNY' LOOKED AT ME AND BECAUSE HE'S NOTHING BUT A HOODLUM AND BECAUSE MOSTLY I LEFT MY MAKE-UP IN HERE!

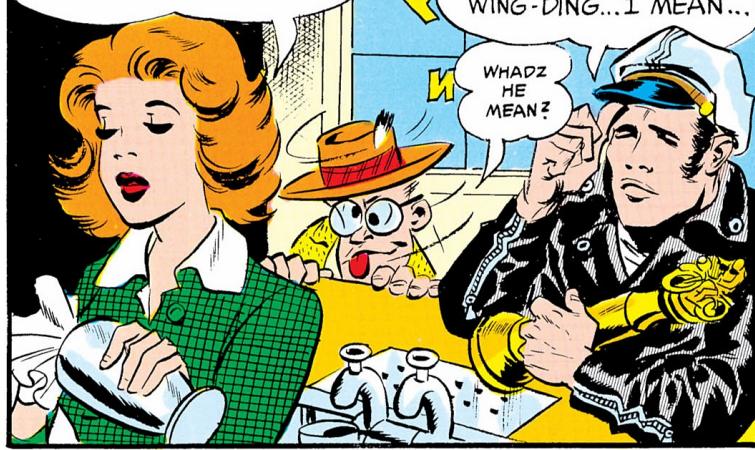


...LISTEN!... I KNOW YOUR KIND!... YOU GO RIDING, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AND YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED TILL YOU FIND TROUBLE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!... OH, I KNOW YOUR KIND... I KNOW YOUR KIND!

NOT ONLY AM I KIND... I'M GOOD TOO!

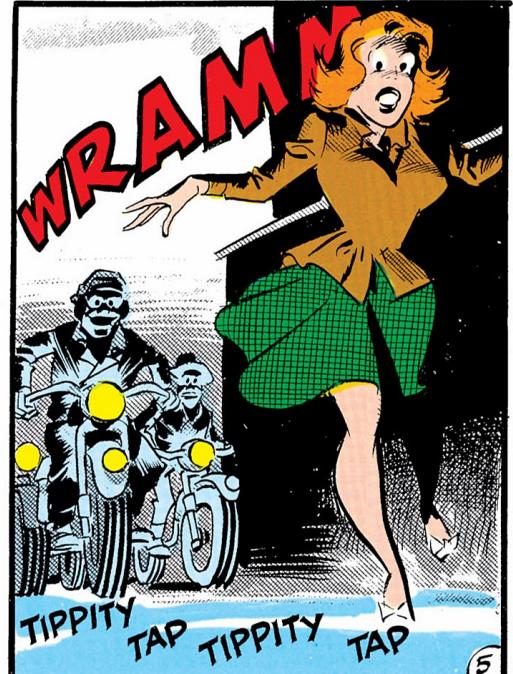
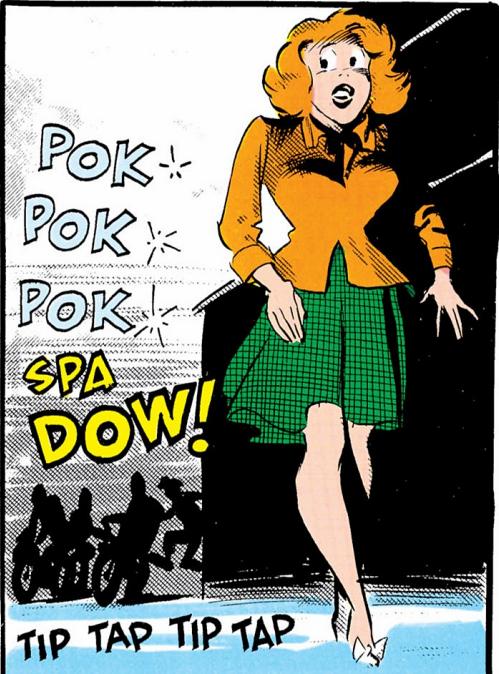
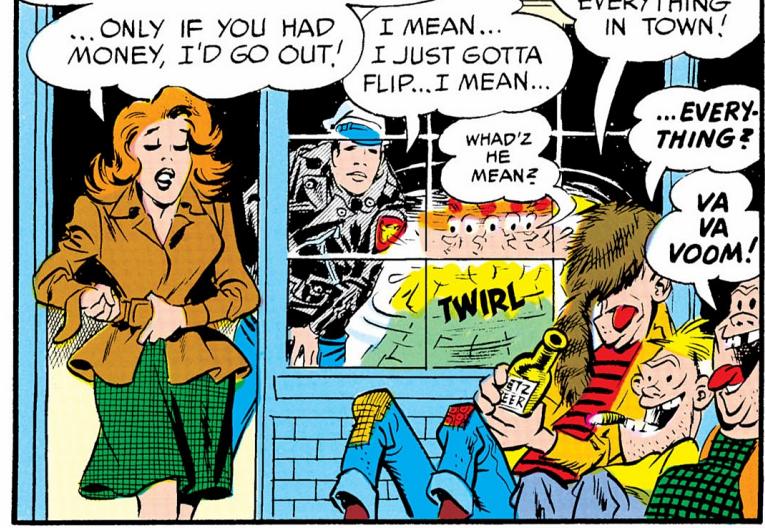
... YOU GOT ME WRONG, DOLL! I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A BALL... I MEAN A WING-DING... I MEAN...

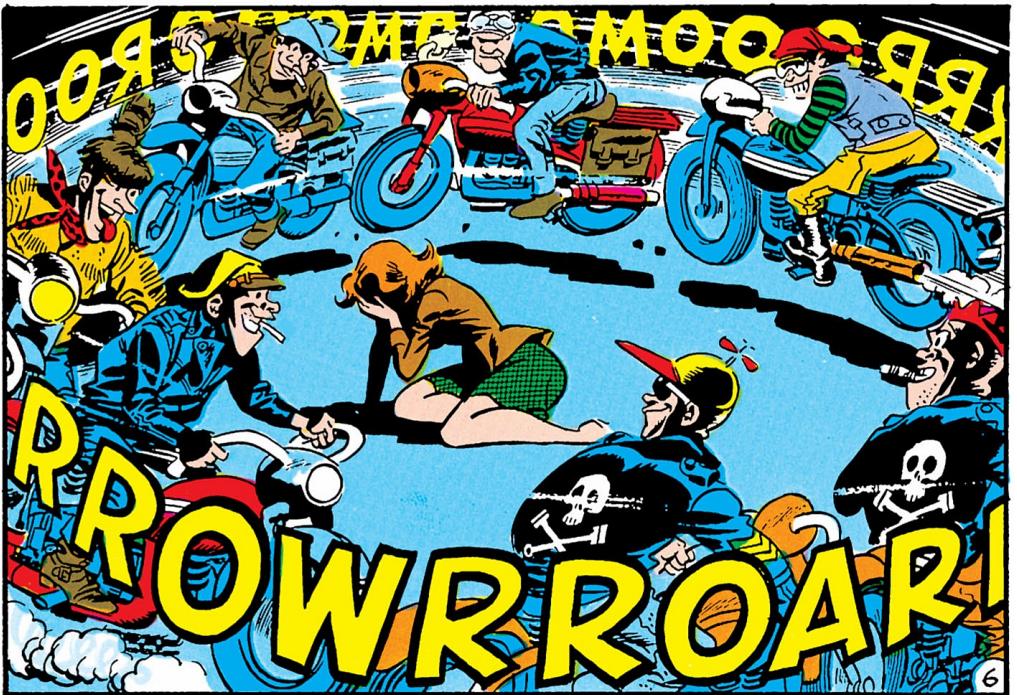
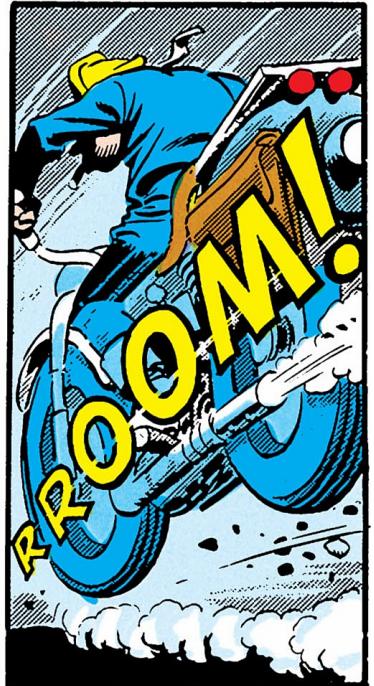
WHAD'Z HE MEAN?

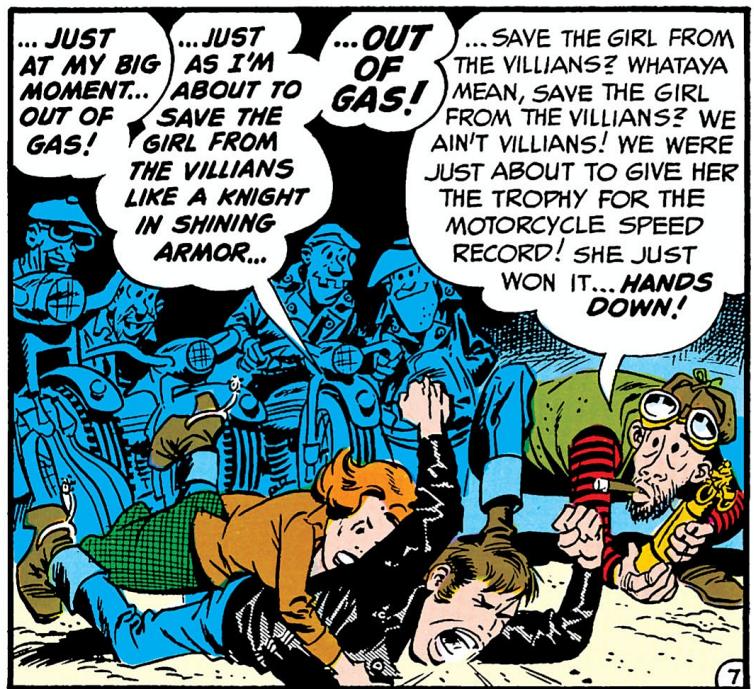
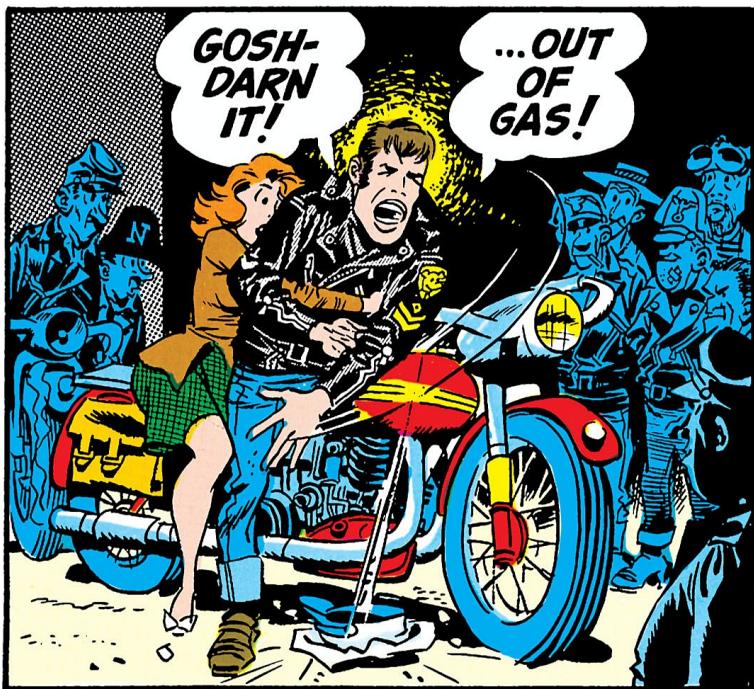
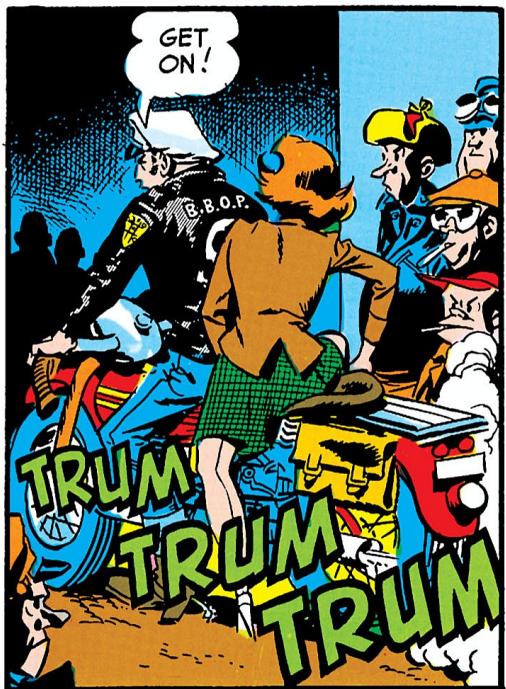


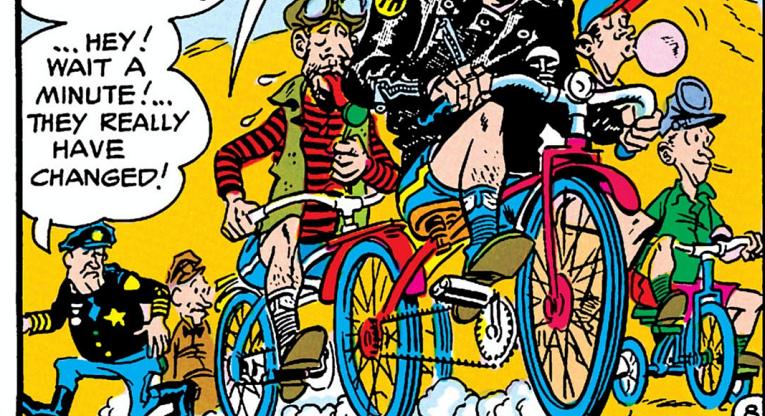
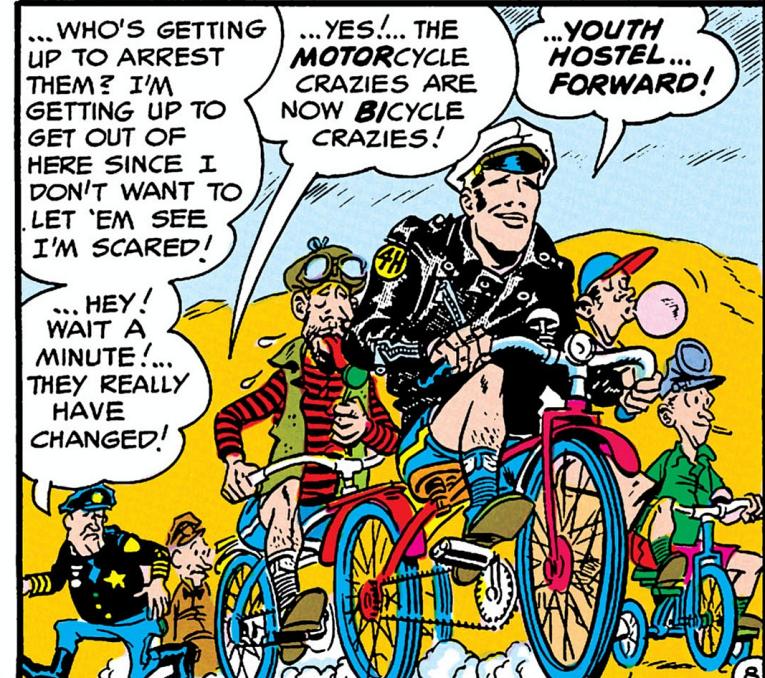
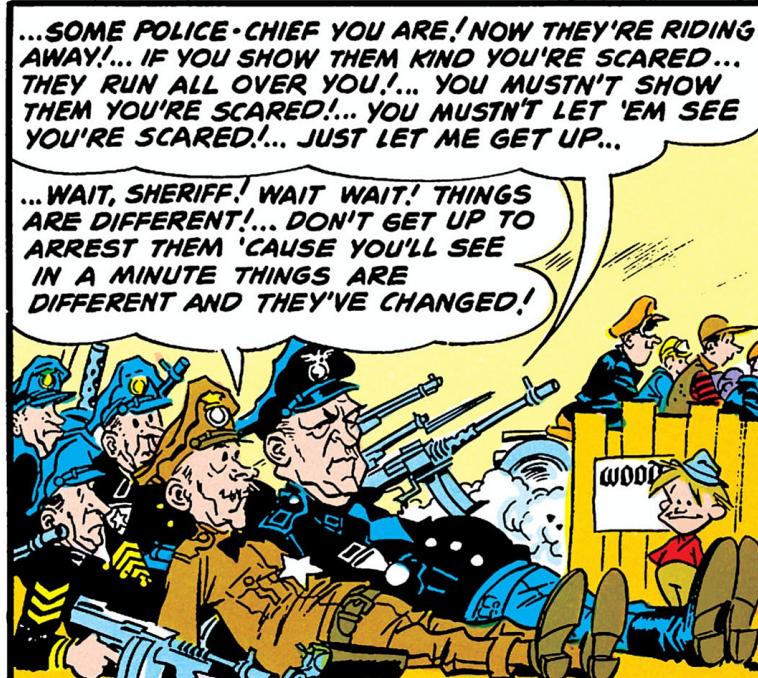
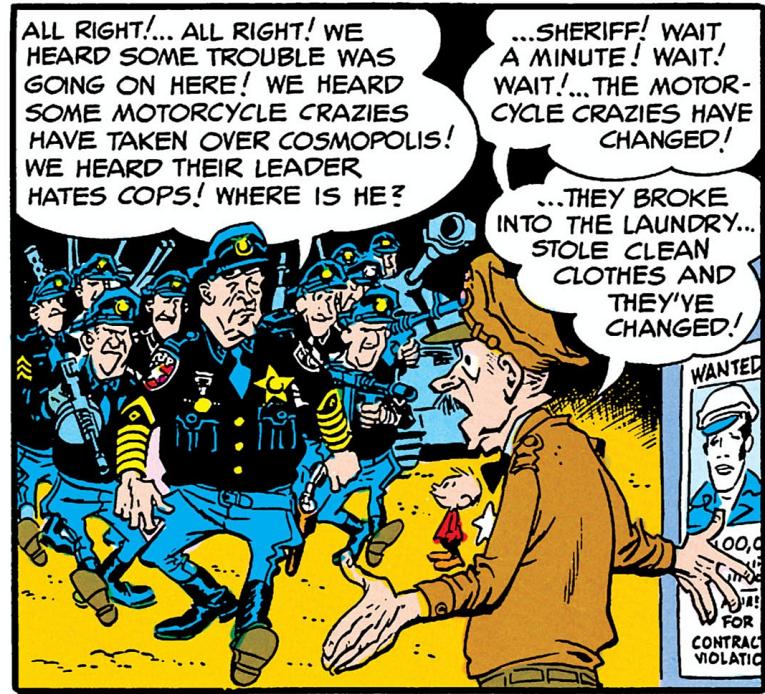
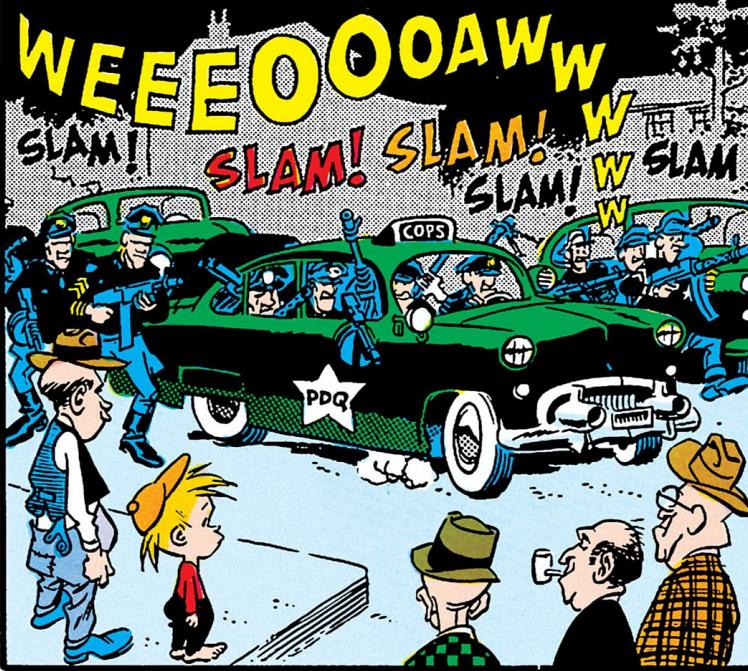
...I WOULDN'T GO OUT ON A DATE WITH YOU EVEN IF YOU BEGGED ON HANDS AND KNEES... EVEN IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH... EVEN IF YOU WERE THE BEST!

SHUCKS, FELLAS... LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SACKED AND LOOTED EVERYTHING IN TOWN!









T.V. DEPT.: ARE YOU SICK OF TELEVISION? DO YOU WATCH TELEVISION FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT AND FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, YOU RUN OUT AND BUY A COMIC BOOK TO GET YOUR MIND OFF OF TELEVISION?...WELL, THIS STORY... FOR YOU READERS WHO ARE TRULY SICK OF SEEING TELEVISION, TELEVISION, TELEVISION... THIS STORY, WILL MAKE YOU SICKER, BECAUSE IT'S MORE ABOUT TELEVISION!...THIS STORY ABOUT...

CAPTAIN-TVVIDEO!

...AND NOW, THE LATEST ADVENTURE, 'THE MISSING ARMS OF VENUS'... VENUS THE PLANET, THAT IS!

CAPTAIN TVVIDEO IS BLASTING OFF TO SEE THE SPACE COMMISSIONER! IT IS MORNING!... HOWEVER IT LOOKS LIKE EVENING 'CAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE 'BRIGHT' CONTROL TURNED UP ENOUGH!



...A FEW MOMENTS LATER, CAPTAIN TVVIDEO **BLASTS BACK ON** OUTSIDE THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE WHERE HE **BLASTS-IN** THROUGH THE DOOR AND **BLASTS-OUT...**



...WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, CAPTAIN TVVIDEO? ...EH? ...EH? ...EH? ...EH?

...HA!... I KNOW WHY I CAN'T HEAR YOU!... YOU'VE GOT YOUR 'ROCKET-RANGER' SPACE HELMET ON!



...HAVING
TROUBLE
GETTING IT
OFF, CAPTAIN?

...NNGH!
...NNGH!
...FURSHLUG-
GINER PROP
MEN BUY
THESE KID
SPACE HELMETS
IN THE 5
AND 10 ...

... NOW, LET'S GO ABOUT THIS
CALMLY AND RATIONALLY!... SURELY,
BY THE THOUGHTFUL USE OF MODERN
TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT, WE CAN
REMOVE THAT SPACE HELMET!

...WHEN'S
THIS SHOW
GONNA GET
A DECENT
BUDGET?

YOU
DON'T HAFTA!
YOU DON'T
HAFTA!

...SURELY BY THE DELICATE, SKILLFUL
USE OF MAN'S CLEVERLY DESIGNED
MACHINES, WE CAN DEFTLY REMOVE
THAT SPACE HELMET... LIKE FER-
INSTANCE... **IF I BASH IT WITH ALL
MY MIGHT WITH A MONKEY
WRENCH!**

YOU DON'T
HAFTA ...
YOU DON'T
HAFTA!

CRASH

...I SAY, CAPTAIN TVIDEO!... YOU **DID** MANAGE
TO PULL THE HELMET OFF **AFTER** ALL!... SORRY
IF I ACTED TOO HASTILY!

POK
POK
POK

...I **TOLD** YOU
YOU DIDN'T
HAFTA!

WELL, NEVER MIND, COMMISSIONER ...
LET'S **BLAST-DOWN** TO BUSINESS!
I HEAR TELL THAT ARMS ARE BEING
SHIPPED HERE FROM VENUS ... THE
PLANET, THAT IS! I NEED YOUR
HELP, COMMISSIONER!

...BUT FIRST, I'D
BETTER ALERT MY
RANGERS WITH
THE 'RANGER
ALERTER' SWITCH ...

...HAS
ESCAPED!
WAIT...
WAIT...

KETCH
IT!

FRROOSH!

...THAT'S NOT THE 'RANGER
ALERTER' SWITCH!... THAT'S THE
STUDIO FIRE-HOSE SWITCH!...
THIS PAPER STAPLER IS THE
'RANGER ALERTER' SWITCH!

O.K.!
... HERE
GOES MY
RANGER
ALERT!

**NEEEH
NEEEH**

... MEANWHILE, I'LL
BRIEF YOU ON WHAT'S
HAPPENED!... ALIEN
CREATURES ON VENUS,
WHO CAN BE INVISIBLE TO
THE EARTHIAN EYE, HAVE
THE PROPERTY OF SINKING
INTO AN EARTHIAN HUMAN
BODY SO THAT THE
EARTHIAN BODY WILL
THINK WITH AN ALIEN
VENUSIAN MIND!

CLEP
CLEP
CLEP
CLEP

THESE ALIEN VENUSIANS HAVE BEEN SLOWLY TAKING OVER THE BODIES OF ALL EARTHIAN OFFICIALS... SLOWLY TAKING OVER CONTROL OF EARTH! ...WE MUST **BLAST-OUT** THESE ALIEN VENUSIANS!

BUT CAPTAIN TVIDEO... HOW CAN WE RECOGNIZE THOSE WHOSE BODIES ARE INVaded BY THE ALIEN VENUSIANS?

...SIMPLE! ...THE VENUSIANS ARE ADDICTED TO **CIGARS** AND **CIGARETTES!**

...MY DEAR TVID!... IGNORING THE FACT THAT THIS STORY PLOT IS MISERABLE HACK... I CANNOT BE IMPRESSED BY THIS ADDICTION ANGLE! ...WHY... **MOST EARTHIANS** (EVEN I) ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES!

AHA! ...BUT IT'S THE **PECULIAR WAY** THAT THEY ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES THAT GIVES THEM AWAY!

...MY GOOD FELLOW... YOUR STORY SOUNDS QUITE RIDICULOUS TO ME! WHY... WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE PECULIAR ABOUT CIGAR AND CIGARETTE ADDICTION? (UMP... CHOMP... GULP)... I SAY... THESE CORONA-CORONAS **ARE** DELICIOUS... (CHOMP... ULP)!

EATING CIGARS AND CIGARETTES IS PECULIAR, 'COMMISSIONER', ALIAS 'DIRTY UNAMERICAN ALIEN VENUSIAN'?... KEEP YOUR HAND OUT OF YOUR POCKET BECAUSE THIS SPARKLER I HAVE IN MY HAND IS A NUCLEAR BLAST-OFF GUN!... **NO YOU DON'T...**

OH YEAH! ...WELL THIS FLASHLIGHT IS ACTUALLY A HYDROGEN-OXIDE-OXYGEN RAY... OR A H.O.O.-RAY...

...GOT HIM! ...I'D BETTER CALL MY ASSISTANT RANGER AND **BLAST-OFF** TO BLAST VENUS, RIGHT AWAY!

...NOW THIS FLASHLIGHT MUST BE A MICROPHONE!

...CAPTAIN TVIDEO CALLING ASSISTANT RANGER...

TIYO KIMOSAVEE! ...YOU WANT ME?

...ASSISTANT RANGER... NOT LONE RANGER!



AH...MY ASSISTANT RANGER WITH YOUR SPACE HELMET ON! ...I KNOW... IT'S STUCK AND YOU CAN'T GET IT OFF!... WELL... DON'T WORRY!... I LEARNED A SIMPLE WAY TO GET IT OFF... BANG IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT WITH A MONKEY WRENCH!

...YOU DON'T HAFTA!... YOU DON'T HAFTA!



...I SAY, ROCKET-RANGER, YOU DON'T HAVE A SPACE HELMET ON **AFTER** ALL... MERELY A PIECE OF CUT OUT LAUNDRY-SHIRT CARDBOARD WITH A HELMET PAINTED **ON** IT!... DID I HURT YOU?

...ONLY WHEN I LAUGH!

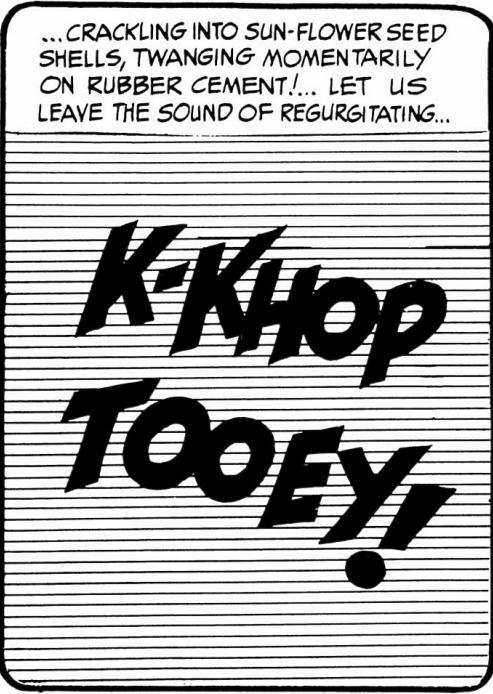
...OKAY!... ALL KIDDING ASIDE!... WE'VE GOT TO CARRY THIS WAR TO VENUS!... LOAD YOUR SPARKLER WITH FLINTS AND COME OUT TO THE ROCKET-SHIP WHERE WE SHALL PREPARE TO **BLAST-OFF!**



...NOW LET US LEAVE THE SIGHT OF A MAN CHEWING HAPPILY ON A 'GOOKY' BAR...THE SOUND OF TEETH MUNCHING INTO THE COVERING...

...CRACKLING INTO SUN-FLOWER SEED SHELLS, TWANGING MOMENTARILY ON RUBBER CEMENT!... LET US LEAVE THE SOUND OF REGURGITATING...

...AND RETURN TO CAPTAIN TVIDEO, WHO...NOW BLASTING-OFF TO VENUS ... FACING THE MOST CRUCIAL HOUR OF HIS WHOLE LIFE...SAYS...



O.K., RANGER... WE'RE ALMOST TO VENUS! I'M VERY SATISFIED AT THE WAY YOU'VE HELPED ME CONTROL THIS SHIP... THE WAY YOU'VE KEPT GLUED TO THEM BUTTONS... ALL THROUGH THE TRIP... METHODICALLY CLICKING THOSE BUTTONS!... FOR HOURS... UNWAVERING ... CONSTANT... CLICKING, CLICKING THOSE BUTTONS!... AS TO YOUR DILIGENCE AND PERSEVERANCE, I CAN ONLY SAY ONE THING...

...QUIT CLICKING THOSE FARSHIMMELT BUTTONS FOR A MINUTE! YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!

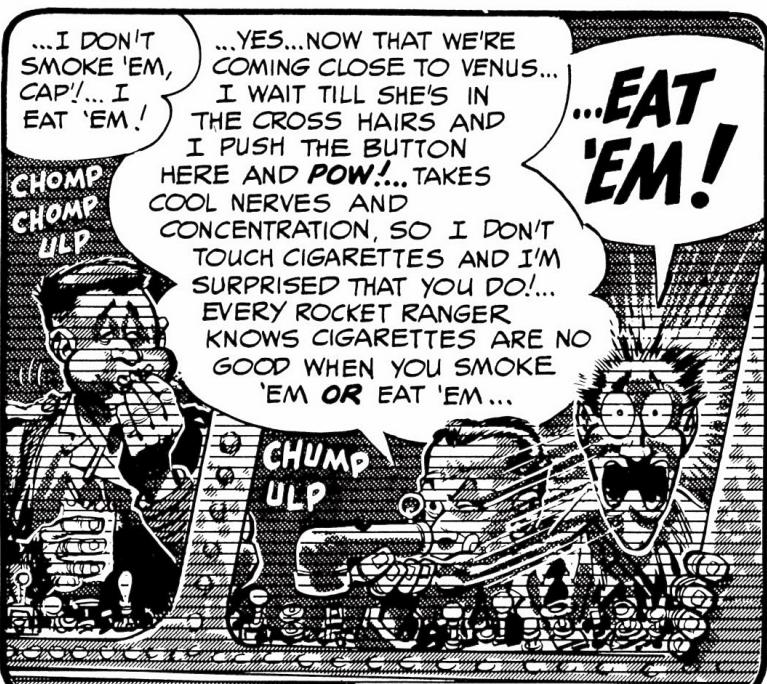


...JUST A FEW MORE CLICKS, CAPTAIN, AND I'LL HAVE MY INCOME-TAX ALL FIGURED UP!

CIGARETTE, ...BY THE CAP? ...WILL YOUR STRATEGY BE EXACTLY, TO FIGHT THE VENUSIANS...TO PREVENT THEM FROM TAKING OVER EARTH?

...JUST WATCH, RANGER! THIS FLASHLIGHT, HERE, IS ACTUALLY A AIMER DEVICE CONNECTED TO A POWERFUL DEATH RAY IN THE NOSE OF THE ROCKET! I GET VENUS IN MY SIGHTS LIKE THIS AND POW!... I BLAST HER TO BITS!

...SAY, RANGER! ...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU SMOKED CIGARETTES!



...I DON'T SMOKE 'EM, CAP!... I EAT 'EM!
...YES...NOW THAT WE'RE COMING CLOSE TO VENUS... I WAIT TILL SHE'S IN THE CROSS HAIRS AND I PUSH THE BUTTON HERE AND POW!...TAKES COOL NERVES AND CONCENTRATION, SO I DON'T TOUCH CIGARETTES AND I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU DO!... EVERY ROCKET RANGER KNOWS CIGARETTES ARE NO GOOD WHEN YOU SMOKE 'EM OR EAT 'EM...

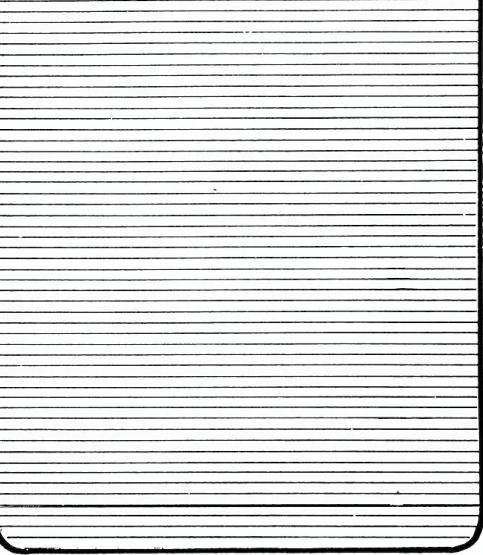


...DIRTY UNAMERICAN ALIEN VENUSIAN DISGUISED IN A ROCKET-RANGERS BODY... YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO FOOL WITH CAPTAIN TVIDEO, THE FASTEST DRAW WITH THE NUCLEAR BLAST-OFF GUN! TAKE THIS!

...AND SO... WITH THE ROAR OF THE
STUDIO FIRE-HOSE ECHOING
HOLLOWLY IN THE ROCKET SHIP,
WE LEAVE CAPTAIN TVIDEO...



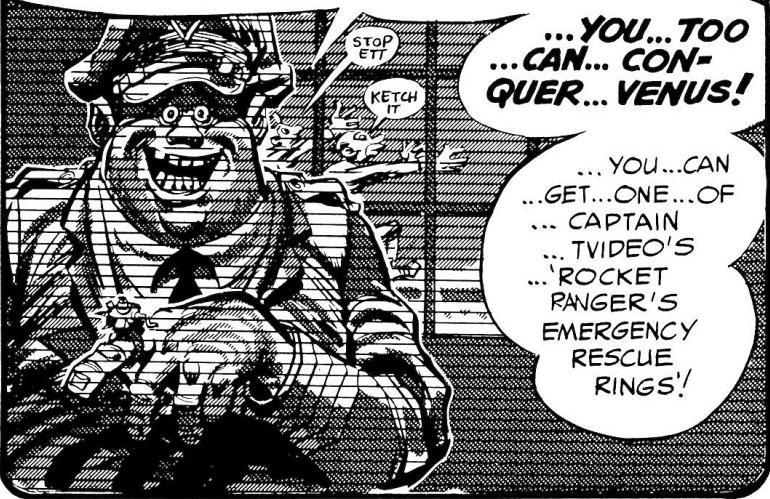
...LEAVE HIM FOR A MOMENT AS
HE ROCKETS TOWARDS VENUS ARMED
ONLY WITH THE 'ROCKET RANGER'S
EMERGENCY RESCUE RING!'..



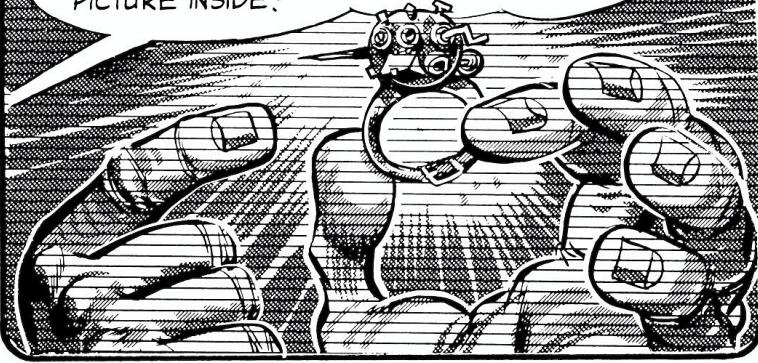
...WHICH IS FINISHED IN STUNNING PLASTIC
AND DESIGNED TO FIT ANY FINGER!...
**AND NOW...STAND BY FOR A VERY
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!**



GANG!... REMEMBER THE SECRET 'ROCKET RANGER'S
EMERGENCY RESCUE RING' THAT CAPTAIN TVIDEO IS
IS GOING TO CONQUER VENUS WITH?... WELL NOW
WE'VE GOT A **VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT**
THAT MIGHT PROVE TO BE THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR
LIFE!... **AND THAT ANNOUNCEMENT IS...**



... NOW THIS RING ISN'T ANY **ORDINARY** RING, GANG! FIRST OF ALL, LIKE WE SAID, IT'S STUNNING! IT'S GOT A HEAVY STONE ON TOP SO THAT WHEN YOU'RE IN A FIST FIGHT AND YOU HIT YOUR ENEMY ON THE HEAD WITH THE RING, IT ONLY **STUNS** HIM! ... NOW, THAT'S NOT **ALL**! BESIDES HAVING A WHISTLE THAT CAPTAIN VIDEO ALWAYS USES TO SIGNAL FOR HELP, A COMPASS, A MATCH TO LIGHT A FIRE, AND A MAP OF THE U.S., THIS RING HAS A SECRET POINT THAT SPRINGS OUT... AND **TIPPED WITH POISON**, GANG! ALSO A LITTLE PEEK-HOLE WHERE YOU CAN SEE A CHEESECAKE PICTURE INSIDE!



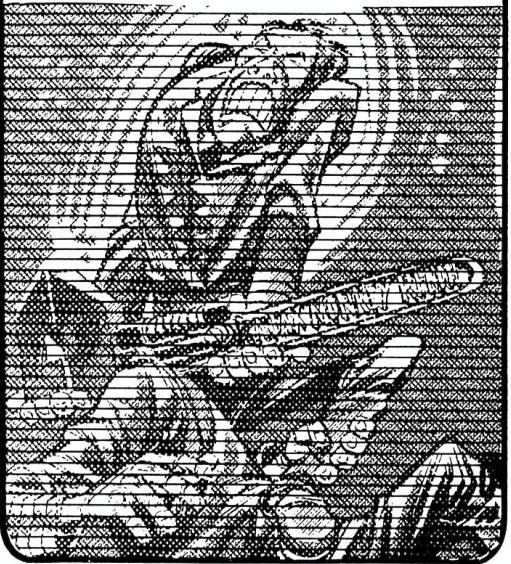
NOW, GANG, WE'RE MAKING
THIS OFFER FOR A VERY LIMITED
TIME SO YOU BETTER ACT **NOW**
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T ACT
NOW, YOU'LL MISS OUT ON
THIS HERE OFFER WHICH
CLOSES SOON... VERY
SOON... AFTER A LIMITED
TIME... SOON... SOMETIME
IN EARLY 1958!



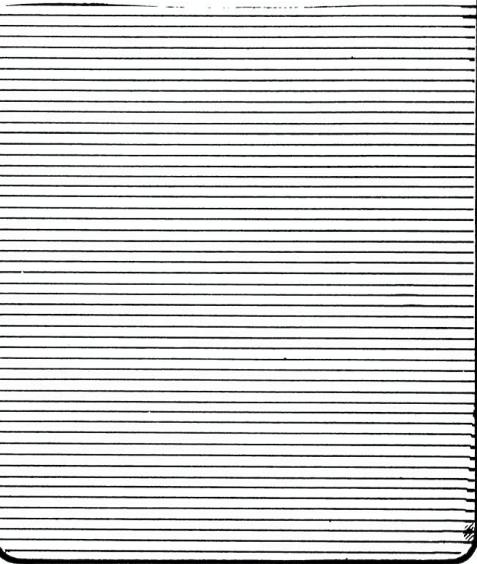
... NOW WE'RE
GIVING THIS RING
AWAY ABSOLUTELY
FREE WITH THREE
DOLLARS TO COVER
THE COSTS OF
HANDLING AND JUST
TWO-HUNDRED
WRAPPERS FROM
**'GOOKY' CANDY
BARS!**



...AND SO... WITH THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF 'BLAST-OFF' ECHOING HOLLOWLY IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, THE SCENE FADES OUT...



...AND THE NEXT SCENE THAT FADES IN IS A BRAND NEW SCENE THAT TAKES PLACE IN CAPTAIN TVIDEO'S ROCKET SHIP!

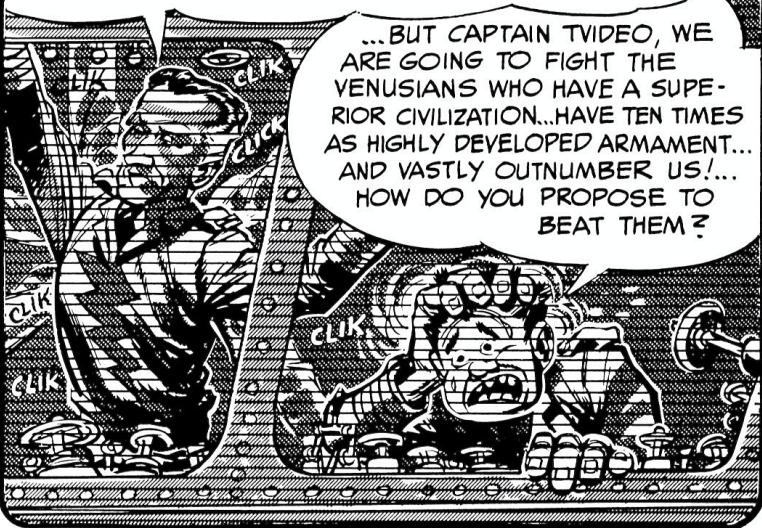


...ACTUALLY, IT'S THE SAME OLD SCENE ONLY WITH A FRAME STUCK OVER TO LOOK LIKE IT'S A NEW SCENE IN A ROCKET SHIP!



...SCARED?... LISTEN, RANGER!... THERE HASN'T BEEN A SINGLE SOLDIER... A SINGLE HUMAN BEING... WHO... GOING INTO BATTLE... HAS NOT BEEN SCARED! AND SO... IN ANSWER TO WHETHER I, CAPT. TVIDEO AM SCARED... THE ANSWER IS... NO!... I'M NOT SCARED!

...BUT CAPTAIN TVIDEO, WE ARE GOING TO FIGHT THE VENUSIANS WHO HAVE A SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION... HAVE TEN TIMES AS HIGHLY DEVELOPED ARMAMENT... AND VASTLY OUTNUMBER US!... HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO BEAT THEM?



...ACTUALLY THE CASE WOULD BE QUITE HOPELESS!... HOWEVER I HAVE SOMETHING WITH WHICH I THINK I CAN OUTWIT THEIR SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION... OVERPOWER THEIR HIGHLY DEVELOPED ARMAMENT, AND REDUCE THEIR ABILITY TO OUTNUMBER US!... AND THAT THAT THING IS... THAT THING IS... IS...

...THIS 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING'!

...A 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING'...

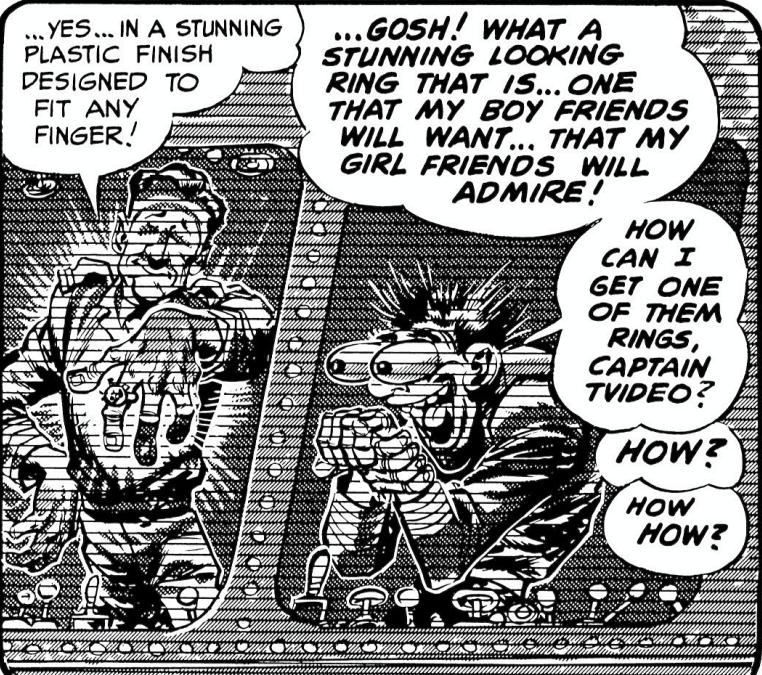


...YES... IN A STUNNING PLASTIC FINISH DESIGNED TO FIT ANY FINGER!

...GOSH! WHAT A STUNNING LOOKING RING THAT IS... ONE THAT MY BOY FRIENDS WILL WANT... THAT MY GIRL FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE!

HOW CAN I GET ONE OF THEM RINGS, CAPTAIN TVIDEO?

HOW? HOW HOW?



...YOU'LL FIND OUT LATER IN THE PROGRAM, RANGER!... AND NOW, I PUT MY HAND TO THE BLAST-OFF IGNITOR SWITCH... NOW I GET READY TO TURN THE HANDLE... AND NOW...

WE BLAST-OFF!

OOP!... TURNED THE STUDIO FIRE-HOSE SWITCH AGAIN!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

HOW CAN I GET ONE?

PLEASE!

PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!



